

#51

LadyLike

Exploring & Expressing Femininity

Profile Girl

**Nicole
Bailey**

Jane Martin
Once Bitten

DramaQueen
Most Beautiful Boy

Brenda
Lawrence

**Our Troubled
Lives**

NEW Feature:
**LadyLike Reader
Makeover**

She's Back
Roxanne Van ness
Police Navidad

and

photos,
photos,
photos!

US\$12 - Can\$24

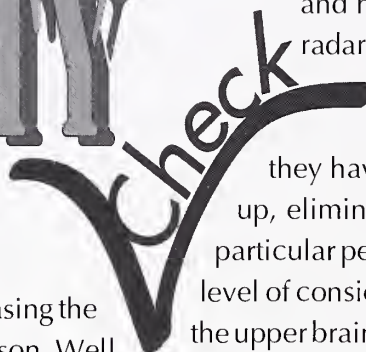


Letter From The Editor



REALITY

Angela Gardner



at least one or two of those around you to fine tune the signal and hone in on what has tweaked their gender radar. People are scanning others all the time, classifying, categorizing, seeing who they are attracted too, who they think they have a chance of, as the British say, chatting up, eliminating people as threats or verifying that a particular person is a threat. All this happens on a lower level of consciousness and when an odd cue is picked up the upper brain swings into action to investigate. Was that person keeping a hand in their pocket cause they have a gun? Is that woman's Adam's Apple a bit too big? Either cue will cause the brain to want more information. As long as you're not packing heat they will conclude that you're a man dressed as a woman and you're unlikely to present a threat. (You *might* have dangerous curves though.)

Maintaining the highest possible levels of passing is quite taxing. It can wear you out and keep you from having fun. As long as you are only worried about non-specific man in a dress recognition why not take another quote, from Alfred E. Newman, "What? Me worry?" to heart? Get dolled up. Walk into a place you know is safe. (You learn that by networking with the other girls in your area through your local support group.) Don't waste your energy on trying to pass. Put your energy into being an interesting, feminine person that other people can easily talk to and possibly make friends with. You will be doing a lot more for the TG community if you are friendly and accessible than if you sit buttoned up like a clam, have a drink, not make eye contact with anyone and then leave. (There are those who think that is passing.)

So what if someone asks about your gender? If they ask rudely tell them it's none of their business. If they use subtle technique in their query go ahead and tell them as much as you like. You don't have to give anatomical details. Just say you're transgendered and leave it at that. They may find you more interesting because you're TG. Men may want to buy you drinks. Women may want to bear your crossdressed children. Or, you just might have a fun night out on the town doing things a lady likes to do.

Again though, I must insert a few caveats. Don't go in to redneck bars, bars in The Hood, most sports bars (the Philadelphia Chapter of Renaissance goes to a sports bar after their meetings and have no problem. Of course they take about 40 girls, who's gonna give them trouble) or any other place you think might be dangerous. Low life types can surprise you by being accepting of different life styles but why take a chance. Do you research, scan people, do you own "reading" and be safe—but have fun!



To pass or not to pass? That is the question!

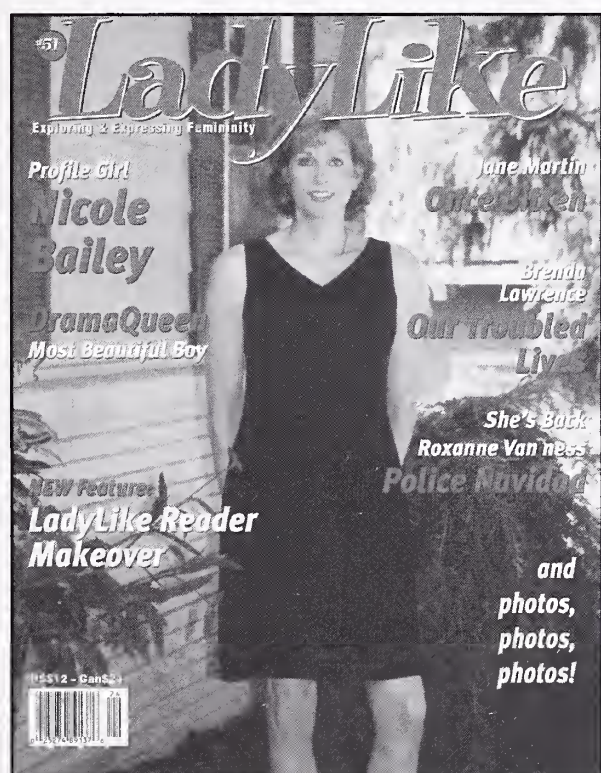
If you're going to start off an editorial paraphrasing the Immortal Bard ya better have a darned good reason. Well what better reason could there be than the great bugbear of crossdressers everywhere? We're obsessed with *passing*. After a fellow CD describes her outfit, in great detail, and says where she went, what's the next thing out of her mouth? A report on how well she passed. (This is particularly hard to take and shows a real sign of friendship if you patiently listen to her tell you that she passed when you know that she's 6'4" and couldn't pass if everyone was blindfolded.)

What is it that keeps girls locked in their closets when they should be out at their local support group, crossdresser club or whatever? Worry about passing. Sure, it can be the old, "I gotta pass as a girl so that no one recognizes me as my male self and I get in all kinds of trouble" thing, but that's just one motivator for the passing blues. Aside from being recognized as a *specific* man in a dress and getting into a "situation" with your wife, co-workers, boss, girlfriend, etc., there is the general concern that you'll be spotted (popular parlance is "read," said like red) as a dude and something non-specifically awful will happen to you. In this column I put forth the proposition that you can be read as a man in women's clothes and something nice could happen as a result.

If your primary goal is to be accepted as a female person, doing female type stuff, interacting with other people who have no clue that your anatomy does not match your outer presentation then there will be times when you are disappointed. It's just a fact of crossdressing life that every now and then someone will read you. If you're not on guard every single second something will give you away. It may be a gesture, the way your face looks from a certain angle, something in the way you move. Whatever the clue, at sometime or another someone will notice that things are not what they seem. As P.T. Barnum once said, "You can fool all of the people some of the time and some of the people all of the time." Or something like that. What I'm getting at is that the wrong gender clue at anytime can cause

#51 LadyLike

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Nicole Bailey

In this issue...

Features

Profile: Nicole Bailey 4

Ms. Bailey's story is an archetypal gender struggle.

NEW! LadyLike Reader Makeover 19

Sydney is transformed into a hot Babe.

Our Troubled Lives 22

You think you've had problems? Oy vey!

Police Navidad 23

Roxanne van Ness runs into rent-a-cops at the Mall.

DramaQueen - Most Beautiful Boy 31

Ms Bob & Carol look at the career of FI Carole Wallace.

The Plain Truth About Jane 36

Another contribution by Jane Martin.

Departments

Editorial 2

Reader's Letters 10

Mirror-Mirror 17, 21, 26-29

Resources 38

Mirror-Mirror II 41, 42, 44, 45

On My Mind 46

Printed in the U.S.A. LadyLike magazine is published quarterly in January, April, July, and October. The publisher is exempt from the record-keeping requirements and disclosure statements mandated by 18 U.S. Code §2257 (a) through (c) and the pertinent Regulations, 28 C.F.R. Ch 1, Part 75 since all of such material falls within the definition of exempted material set forth in §75.7(a)(1-3) of the pertinent Regulations. Any reproduction of the contents of this magazine without the written permission of the publisher is prohibited. All manuscripts are sent at owner's risk and will not be returned. Letters and photos cannot be returned. Publisher does not endorse any advertisements except her own, nor is she responsible for ad content or claims. Caveat Emptor!

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Nicole Bailey

Height: 6-2

Weight: 160

Age: 50

Residence: Grand Rapids, MI

Profession: Tile Contractor

Shoe size: 10 or 11

Dress size: 10 or 12

Favorite Clothes: Tommy Hilfiger,

DKN, Ralph Lauren

Favorite things: My home

Turn ons: Attractive men or women who take care of themselves, who are honest, and have a good sense of humor.

Turn offs: Bad drag, bad breath, bad hygiene, rudeness or inconsideration.

Perfume: Christian Dior-Dune

Music: Oldies, soft rock, and contemporary country

Movies: I enjoy a variety of movies, it all depends on my mood at the time.

Places: Chicago

Activities: Shopping, fine dining,



Nicole Bailey



LL: Today we're chatting with Nicole Bailey. Welcome to LadyLike, Nicole.

N: Hi. It's great to have this chance to share my story with your readers.

LL: Let's get right to the central questions. When did you first realize you weren't like other boys?

N: I was five or perhaps six years old when I realized that I had been born into a body which I did not belong in. I knew I should really have been a born girl as I enjoyed all things that were feminine.

LL: Tell us about your family.

N: My mother and father were divorced when I was three and a half years old. My older brother went to live with our mother, while I went to live with my dad. I was cared for by my grandmother, until my dad remarried when I was four years old.

LL: What were you like at that age? Knowing that you were different already.

N: I had very long curly hair, and I was told that I looked like a girl. I was also a discipline problem for my teachers, and did not like attending school. At the age of seven, as Halloween approached, all I could think about was the possibility that I could dress up as a girl. I remember the day like it was yesterday, my stepmother helped me dress like a young girl complete with makeup, a bra, and a blonde wig. Everyone said that I looked very pretty.

LL: How did that make you feel?

N: At that moment in my life, I finally felt like I was the person I was meant to be. I never wanted to come out of the costume. I continued the remaining years of adolescence being angry that I could not be a girl. Whenever I

had the opportunity, I would play with my stepmother's clothes and make-up, even though she caught me in her things several times.

LL: Getting caught isn't any fun. I wasn't but it was always my biggest fear. I was also always afraid that my friends would find out about my desire to dress like a girl. How did you hide it from your childhood friends?

N: I was a solitary child, and spent most of my time playing by myself. As I grew older, I felt that I was living a falsehood. I acted like a boy while always wishing that I could be a girl.

LL: What about the teen years and puberty? That's often a hard time for transgendered folks, what with body changes and sexual urges.

N: My first sexual experiment came at the age of thirteen when the neighbor boy and I explored oral sex. We had been friends for several years.

LL: How did that feel to you?

N: When I was doing it, I felt like I was a girl inside, and enjoyed pleasing my boyfriend. I found the sexual experi-

continued on next page



ence very enjoyable, but after several months of this activity I felt very guilty about the fact that I was not supposed to act this way since I was a boy. This type of activity was just not acceptable, especially in the early 1960's. My Dad was also a very homophobic type of person.

LL: That takes us to your teen years which can be a terrible time for anyone, let alone the transgendered. What was high school like? You had explored sex with males. Did you date girls in high school?

N: I do not have any good memories of my high school years. I did not have any girl friends, and occasionally hung out with one guy friend. I continued dressing female in private throughout those years as well.



20 years ago this was Nicole.



Nicole in 1990.

1970's, I didn't even know what a transsexual person really was or ever believe that I might be one.

LL: A lot of transsexuals try to become more manly in a usually unsuccessful attempt to become the manly person society expects them to be. Did you try that?

N: Yes. I chose a career in law enforcement. I was also drafted into the army in 1972, but joined the Army National Guard to avoid the draft. After completing my necessary army training, I returned home

and began work as a police officer. I tried to do the most macho job I could to overcome my desire towards being female. Nothing worked to drive this desire from my mind. This was when my depression really started to bother me. Before then, I always thought I could convince myself that I could be happy just being a guy.

LL: Being a regular guy means being married.

N: I was married in 1972 and had two children, but the marriage failed seven years later when my wife could not deal with my desire to crossdress and threatened to leave me. As my first marriage was nearing the end, I once again tried to fight off my transgender feelings by becoming involved with another woman who worked at the police department. I thought that if I just *tried harder*, I could convince myself that I could be happy being a guy. After my divorce, I married the woman I was having an affair with, but a few years later we divorced.

LL: By then you must have been getting a clue that this wasn't going to work. What did you do after that breakup?

N: After my second divorce, I lived with another woman for six years. She was cool with my crossdressing, but we finally broke off our relationship when I started back to church and felt that living together was wrong. I had also been terminated from my job as a police officer during this time of my life. After losing that job, I started a new career as a tile contractor.

LL: You say you reconnected with your church. Was that because of your transgender issues?

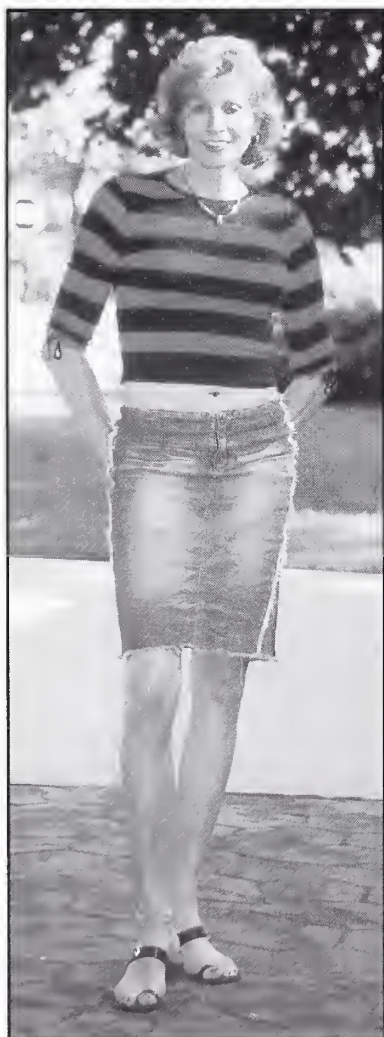
N: Yes, I tried to drive the transgender feelings from my mind with the Bible. Within a few months of attending

LL: That sounds like a sad time. I know that you are married now, to a woman. When did you first explore relationships with girls and what was that like for you?

N: It wasn't until the summer after my graduation that I had sex with a girl. With all the testosterone pumping through my body at that age, sex felt good with a girl, but that relationship only lasted a few weeks.

LL: Did you date other girls after that?

N: No. During the rest of my teen years I involved myself in work and stayed busy in an effort to keep my mind off my desires to be a girl. And at that time, the early





Nicole at work today.

church, I believed Jesus had cured me from my desire to become a female. While continuing to beat myself up with the Bible, I focused all my attention toward the church. At that point in my life, I met and quickly married my current spouse. Since I truly believed that I was cured, I never spoke with her regarding my past life desires to become female.

LL: How did that work out?

N: Well, after a few months into our marriage all the previous feelings I had felt throughout my life came back full force. Not wanting to end up in divorce for a third time, I spent the next several years slowly bringing my wife into my crossdressing life style.

LL: Slowly is good. But, how did she handle your transsexual nature?

N: When she saw my interest in the area of transsexuals, she strongly stated that would never happen in my lifetime.

LL: That must have been a real blow.

N: I grew even more depressed than I had been in years past, and not wanting to jeopardize this marriage, I made the choice at age 44 to start my transition without telling my spouse of my decision.

LL: That is really a bad idea.

N: My only other option was to commit suicide.

LL: It is truly awful how society's view of TG issues can

put people into these situations. So, you started down the transition road without letting her know what was going on. How did that go?

N: My spouse, who was taking hormones, gave me some of her hormones so that I could attempt to grow my breasts. She believed that this was a compromise in keeping me from a full transition. I believed differently, but agreed to the compromise—knowing that I was not being truthful with her.

LL: Which is yet more stress to deal with. But, go on.

N: My next planned step towards transition was electrolysis. I used the excuse that I had a chronic problem of ingrown facial beard hair. After three and one half years of treatment totaling over 400 hours, I had more than 46,000 hairs removed.

LL: Four hundred hours. Ouch! That must have hurt, and cost a bundle.

N: It cost \$24,000. Fortunately this was a real medical problem and my insurance company paid over \$15,000 towards the total bill.

LL: Hear that girls? Ingrown hairs can be your friends. Sorry to interrupt Nicole but I just had to say that to the readers. Go on.

N: I had also progressed to a much higher estrogen dose over this time period, which led to a more androgynous appearance.

LL: That can be a problem if no one knows what you are doing.

N: Yes, being self employed in the very conservative midwest, I did not want to lose my customers who provided me with a very good income. With this in mind I slowly moved towards thoughts of plastic surgery to further enhance my newly forming female appearance. I was also well read on the issues of transsexuals, and learned that most individuals had sex reassignment surgery without having made steps towards facial feminization. Although they were now female by way of surgery, they still looked like men in dresses.

LL: Many people do focus on SRS to the exclusion of a lot of other things that should be done, including plastic surgery for facial feminization.

N: Yes, and I believe that no matter how liberal society becomes, male to female transsexuals who still look like men will have a much harder life than those who pass without question. As an overview, most of these non-to-

continued on next page



partially passable individuals had difficulty finding work, and work that was obtained was at a low pay scale. This path of transition was unacceptable for me.

LL: Well you are atypical in that you have managed to become the woman you have always felt yourself to be and you retained your business and income. Too many people transition without a clue as to how they will make a living. But, back to your story. What was your next step?

N: At this point I was now frequently mistaken for a female while still dressed in male attire. My business continued on track, and I started to plan for plastic surgery... without informing my spouse of my intention for full facial feminization, thyroid cartilage reduction and breast implants. She had agreed to a face lift only. I then took money from our account without her knowledge to pay of the surgery.

LL: Oh boy, it gets worse. I imagine the cat was out of the bag at that point?

N: When she learned of my plans, she was extremely upset. I felt that I would kill myself if she attempted to stop me. I just could not imagine continuing my life in my, then, present form. Fearing this type of action, she allowed me to undergo the surgery in November 2001.

LL: You're only a year old? You look very mature for a one year old. Where did you have your various cosmetic procedures?

N: My surgeon was Dr. Scott Yarish of Houston, Texas. The surgery went very well, even better than I had ever expected.

LL: How long did it take you to heal?

N: After nine days recovery in Houston, I flew back home and started back to work three days later, I only told coworkers that I had a face lift. As healing progressed, I started to look more and more female as the weeks passed. By Jan 2002, I began telling coworkers of my transition.

LL: Probably something you really couldn't avoid any longer. How did it go?

N: Since I now appeared to be a female, everyone took this information in stride, and were supportive. By February 2002, I had legally changed my name and continued to live full time as a woman. I also spent several months in speech therapy to develop a female voice. Other than some very rough times at home with my immediate family, my transition went better than I planned.

LL: Since you didn't really tell your wife about it before you started I would expect it to be rough. What about your other family members?

N: The rest of my family was very accepting and supportive.

LL: This all was not that long ago. Like I said, you're only a little girl of one year. How are thing now with your spouse?

N: My spouse has become very helpful in refining my new role as a woman. With her eighteen years experience in the hair care and beauty salon industry, she has been an awesome teacher. Other women now ask *me* for make up tips. I would not have been as successful as I have been if not for my spouse's help, undying love and support.

LL: And what about your tiling business? Have you kept your customer base?

N: My business continues to be very successful, I now have more work than I can possibly handle. Except for the people who knew me before my change, those people I meet today don't even have a clue that I was ever a guy.

LL: You appear to be a young woman, not really one year old, but young. How do people react to you?



N: Now at age 50, people believe I am in my late twenties. When I've gone out to night clubs with my oldest daughter, she's 28, people believe that she is my sister and ask who is older?

LL: Clubbing with your daughter—if she's as pretty as you I can see there's going to be trouble.

N: I *do* get hit on by guys all the time. Life is now better than I could have ever imagined. My only regret is that I waited far too many years to make this change.

LL: That's the regret I think I have heard every TG person express. It doesn't matter whether you're TS or TV, we all spend way too many years trying to hide it and not dealing with the issues. Any closing thoughts you'd like to share with our readers?

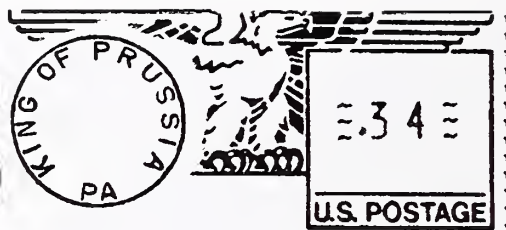
N: My therapist and I agree that a transsexual person will have a much more positive life experience if they both look and act like the gender role they are seeking to model. Over the five years of my carefully planned transition, I have spent more than \$75,000 to make myself into who I am today. It was worth every penny to finally be happy and be the person I was born to be.

LL: What's next for Nicole?

N: I am now planning for my SRS early next year.

LL: Congratulations on your journey. You are very lucky that it has turned out as well as this when you did not start out by telling your spouse your true intentions. Good luck in the future and thanks so much for sharing your story with our readers.

Letters

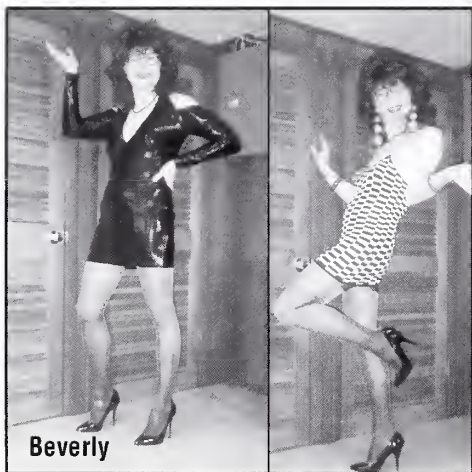


Enjoyed Profile

Last week I received my copy of *LadyLike*, issue #49. It's another fine issue and I enjoyed the Profile on Krystal Black. She's right about being blessed with such a face and figure. She's gorgeous and has a wonderful smile. I've heard about the Irving Klaw booklets and I wonder how many others have been influenced by them.

Thank you so much for including a letter of mine in the Reader's Letters, I always look forward to reading the letters and I agree with Jane about those "those who write and send their photos to the TG/CD magazine are just the tip of the iceberg of us T girls." The Mirror-Mirror pages are just great and it's always an honor to be included among so many lovely ladies. I've enclosed several photos for your consideration.

Hope you're doing well and I look forward to the next issue. Love, Beverly



Wants Back Issues

It was with great surprise that I received not one but two letters from you last week! One contained my notice to renew *LadyLike*. Yes! Of course! My check for another year (plus \$5 for the Transgender Fund) is enclosed. I really don't want to miss a single issue. In fact, I'm looking to acquire your older back issues—almost anything before #20 and #23 (with Lori Larkin). If you know where I could find some or a reader willing to part with their's, please let me know. (Or pass on my name and address.) I'd really like to acquire a complete collection.

The second envelope contained info on Paradise in The Poconos 2002. Again, my answer is a resounding yes! Enclosed is my deposit. I had so much fun last year I can't wait to go again. In fact, this year I'm planning on attending for the entire weekend—that's right, Wednesday to Sunday. It doesn't get any better than this.

Last, I've enclosed a couple of recent photos for your consideration for a future issue. I really do enjoy appearing in LL. I'll keep the photos coming as long



few months ago for \$40.

Passing Comments

Enclosed is a check for my renewal plus a donation to the TG Fund. I really enjoy your magazine. Your articles are informative and entertaining. I've even ordered some of the items in the ads.

Angela's Letter From The Editor on passing was right on. I'm six foot tall and wear 3-4 inch heels and sometimes I pass and sometimes I don't. Lot's of the time it depends on what you wear, where you are, and it's usually the salespeople that read you. Most of the time the people in the mall are too busy doing their own thing.

Enclosed are some pictures of me you may use.



I've worn both outfits to the mall during the daylight hours and have always got compliments.

Well, will close for now. Keep up the good work. Love, Cindy

as you're willing to consider them.

Your's, Barbara Roberts

JoAnn responds: Barb, we don't have anything before issue #45 at this writing. Your best bet is to check Ebay periodically. I saw a LL#2 sell there a

Angela says: You must admit Cindy, you *are* a tall lady. I imagine your compliments are received based on your pretty face and how well you put yourself together. They may not all believe you are a woman. You can bet that when the 6' 4" woman in the tight, sexy dress walks by some of those busy folks in the mall are at least saying to themselves, "She's pretty tall. Kind of dressed sexy for the afternoon." If they don't outright say, "It's a guy" at least they are wondering about you. You increase your chances of passing (if that is your main goal) if you wear low, low heels and dress down. But then, what fun is that?

Likes How We're Put Together

I'm sitting here looking through #49 of *LadyLike* and have to say it's great! I love the story on covergirl Krystal Black! She looks so beautiful. Also the story and pics of Steve Diet Goedde. Actually, everything in LL is great! It's put together so wonderfully. It's a

very classy mag and put together so well! I always wait with anticipation for each new issue. The owner of the store I get mine from always puts one aside for me as they go quick from the rack. On occasion I'll pick up another mag to check it out

but they don't compare to *LadyLike*! TV Repartee is a very good one but expensive! *LadyLike* is number one with me.

Here's a few photos of me at the bar I work at in Brewster, New York. I'm the hostess and bouncer there. It's a very nice place and we get a mixture crowd. It is a gay bar but accept anyone as long as they act right. The past three months we've had a good calm crowd. We (the staff and I) weeded out the nuts who couldn't handle being in a gay bar. I already have a rep with other local bars for throwing out anyone who causes problems and the know I can handle myself. Even the local police know of me! Like I mentioned we now have a calm, good crowd. Hey, even in four inch heels a girl will stand her ground and get physical when she has to.

Well, gonna close for now but want you girls to keep up the good work with *LadyLike*. I know you get hundreds to thousands of photos so here's my contribution! If you can put them in your next issue, or the next. Thanks for being an inspiration to myself and others. Take care and be well, Stephanie



Angela replies: Well, Steph, at the risk of sounding like a flirt, I have been tossed out of bars before but never by a bouncer as cute as you. Be careful while you're tossing those nuts and keep reading *LadyLike*. Maybe we'll include some self defense tips in a future issue.

Met Lots Of Nice People

Since becoming a member of the *LadyLike* family I've grown so much in understanding and appreciating my femininity. Having my photos exposed in our lovely magazine has encouraged me. And, I have met so many beautiful girls (and some very sweet men).

It has been a few issues since one of my photos was displayed in *LadyLike* so I'm sending a couple of photos to show how I am progressing. I realize you and the staff have a most difficult task trying to select which submitted photos will grace the pages of each issue of *LadyLike*. I won't beg you to consider

selecting my photos. On second thought, yes I will! Please, please, pick my photos!

Seriously though, it would be very appreciated to see my photos in the next issue and for sure I would have the opportunity of meeting lots of new friends.

The hard work put into every issue of our magazine by the entire staff of *LadyLike* is greatly appreciated by me. I love all the informative articles, reading letters from other girls and, of course, seeing all the gorgeous photos. I especially liked the Steve Goedde fetish photos in issue #49. Very erotic and so satisfying to the senses.

Thanks again for being so instrumental in my progress as a lady. Love, Leslie

Angela says: Glad you like "our" magazine Leslie. Since you like it so much, can we have a raise? Just kidding, we know what you mean. Jo and I tend to think of it as our magazine but it really does belong to all of our wonderful readers.

Goldrush Pix

Once again, thanks so much for publishing my photo in LL #48. Another great issue! I've included some recent photos of myself, and some new friends I met while attending The Colorado Gold Rush 2002, in Denver, CO., March 7th-10th, 2002. They all gave their permission to publish the photos, if you wish.

Though the Gold Rush is no Poconos, it was still a fun and interesting event. Unlike my usual self, I did a little less partying, and paid more attention to meeting new, interesting people. Vendors, like Morgana of Studio Lights, Phyllis of Phyllis' Fantasies, and Ann West of Ann West Shoes. All true friends of the TG community. I made a lot of new friends

too, like Sammy Huffman, Janet Matthews, Jerri, Lori Larkin, and Christine Hochberg.

I also had the privilege of meeting Cynthia and Linda Phillips, the organizers of the Texas T Party. The Gold Rush deservedly gave them a recognition award for 10 years of hosting the T Party. Hmm... When is JoAnn going to get a lifetime achievement award? She should. *LadyLike* was my first real inspiration, and I still proudly show off my LL#1, autographed by JoAnn, on my first visit to the Poconos in 1997.

Anyway girls, keep up the good work. I look forward to every issue.

P.J., P.O.Box 9038, Colorado Springs, CO 80932

Angela replies: JoAnn and I seem to never be around when they hand out those lifetime achievement awards. Of course, we're not at the end of our lives yet so I guess there's still time.

JoAnn says: Thanks for the plug PJ. I've produced the Poconos and *LadyLike* for over 15 years. I'll probably never get one of those "lifetime" awards but then I don't do what I do for a brass plaque. I do it because I love it and that's my reward.

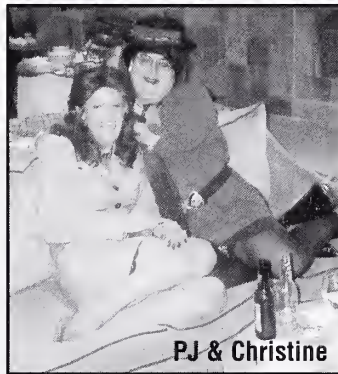
Best TG Mag Around

Well I see it's that time again. Time for me to renew my subscription to the best transgendered magazine on the market. So, here is my check with the extra \$5.00 for the Transgendered Fund, as you requested.

Just thought I would drop you a few lines to let you know what is going on with me lately. As I mentioned in my last letter, I am now retired and still getting used to living on approximately 50% of my previous earnings. It isn't too hard but we have to watch the pennies a little more closely.

One big benefit about retirement is that I now have the time to do the things I want for a change. I have been performing a lot more. I have taken part in nine shows since Christmas, most of them were benefits but I had a couple that I was paid for. The best thing is that all of these were for straight crowds, most at some of our local legion halls, one was at the Navy Club, and a couple at the Moose Lodge.

I am having a great time at it and love showing the people that a guy in a dress isn't necessarily a freak. I also have a show booked for next month. A local travel agency is having a party to promote their



PJ & Christine

cruises and they have hired me to put on a 30-45 minute show. I have to bring in a sound system (which my son is going to run) and we will be getting paid \$100 for the night. I wouldn't mind more of this type of shows.

I have also been approached by a gentleman who entertains at senior and nursing homes in the area. He does 60-100 shows a year. He plays piano, sings, and tells stories for about 1 1/2 hours. He said that he is thinking of bringing someone else into the act to give him a break. We have had one meeting and he has seen me perform. He seemed to be impressed and said that he will be contacting me in the future.

I also bought myself a good scroll saw last fall and have been doing some craft work with it. So far I have made enough to cover the cost of my materials (except the cost of the saw).

Well, that's enough about me for now. I also want you to know that Carol and I miss going to Paradise in the Poconos, so we love reading about it and seeing the pictures in *Ladylike*. Keep up the good work and give Angela a pat on the back from us also! Bye for now, Donna

Donna



Picking A Persona

Hi my name is Roxanne and I'm a *LadyLike* reader. Your magazine had grown on me and I'm still reading them. Being a transgender is very wonderful for me and very challenging. My major problem is (picking a) persona, I have a few different personae in my wardrobe but I really don't know what type of woman I want to dress like. It's either a biker girl, a goth chick, or a punk rock girl. My question is are three of my personae appropriate for a transgendered M-F? Please help me because I consider myself to be a female rock singer. Please help me so I can continue to be my true self.

Roxanne Raven Storm, Baltimore, MD

continued on page 13

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Letters...

Angela replies: There's no rule in the TG Handbook (come to think of it, we don't have a TG Handbook) that you must present yourself in only one persona. Part of the fun of dressing up is being able to be the sexy vamp one night, the pale goth girl another night, or a suburban matron at the grocery store in the afternoon. So, enjoy your dressing in any and all personae... and have fun.

A Wonderful Experience

I would like to share with you a wonderful experience that I had a few days ago. However, I would also like to share it with the hundreds of *LadyLike*



readers whose names and pictures we never see in the letters section or Mirror/Mirror section because they, like myself, are too fearful or bashful to make their presence known.

After months of pondering and agonizing, I decided to take the plunge and treat myself to a professional makeover. This may not seem like a big deal to your more sophisticated readers but for someone like me, who has never let another living soul see me in a dress, it was quite a big step! I chose a boutique in Oak Park, Illinois called Transformations by Rori. What a marvelous and eye opening experience it was.

From the very start I was made to feel totally at ease. When I made the appointment the staff encouraged me to bring some of my fem wardrobe with me, which I'm glad I did. After I changed into a skirt, blouse, pumps, and stockings the stylist went to work applying my makeup. I won't go into great detail but I can truly say that once the makeup was on I almost didn't recognize the new face in the mirror. Next came a selection of four different wigs and I tried them all. Less than an hour after starting the makeover the process was complete. Joanna had

been born! While I was excited with the feminine image in the mirror, I was also strangely calm and comfortable with my new persona.

The stylist invited me to walk around the sales floor and to get comfortable with my "new self." I couldn't believe how natural and at home I felt browsing the aisles as Joanna. In fact, several customers, both male and female were shopping alongside me yet I felt no apprehension at all. It may not have been like walking through the mall on a busy Saturday afternoon but never the less, there I was totally en femme in a public setting for the first time. This may seem like old hat to some of our more experienced sisters but for a first timer the feeling is simply exhilarating.

So what's the moral of this story? Simply this. For less than the price of a one night stay in a decent big city hotel I was able to experience the euphoria and discover the potential of exploring my feminine self. And it was something that I needlessly denied myself for ages.

And why? Probably because of guilt, anxiety, doubts, insecurity, and fear of discovery by friends, family, relatives, and co-workers. Plus the F.B.I., C.I.A., I.R.S. and hundreds of others who couldn't care less! I'm certainly not advocating careless or reckless crossdressing. Nor is it a good idea to show up at the family picnic wearing a sequined mini dress with a scarlet boa (although I'm sure that there is a time and place for that too!) All I'm saying is don't let fear stand in your way. Take a chance. Most cities have business that cater to our needs and can provide a secure and non threatening environment to explore your feminine side. Give one a call.

I've enclosed a couple of photos which are the result of my first solo attempt at makeup. I am not overly pleased with the results and can see that I need practice on makeup, posing, lighting etcetera. However, I intend to keep working on it and I'm confident that my next photo session will be better. If you feel that the photos make the grade I would be thrilled to see them in *LadyLike*.

Well, time to go. I'd love to hear from other sisters or any who are interested in our lifestyle. Thanks JoAnn and Angela for hearing me out and keep up the great work.

Warmest regards, Joanna FWD 3930

Angela replies: Congratulations on taking that first step to the makeover place. Yes, it can be amazing when you see the results the first time and your own skills will improve with practice. And only show up at the picnic in your sequins if everyone knows you're coming that way. Otherwise there may be a few cases of folks ending up with their faces in the coleslaw. And let me remind everyone again, if you want a safe, non-threatening place to explore your femininity find your local TG support group.

An Omen?

About six months ago, I got dressed and went out for a drive. When I returned home, I discovered that my house had burned and all I had left was the clothes I was wearing. I went for help to my girl friend, who knew I dressed as a woman occasionally but had never seen me as a woman. She helped me assemble a new wardrobe. I took this as an omen that God wanted me to continue my life as a woman and



I have been living as a woman since then.

I went to confession and I told the priest that a miracle had occurred, that I had once been a man and am now a woman. He said that he could not believe it. I asked him if he believed in miracles. To confuse him further, I told him that I was three months pregnant and he told me to leave. Hope to see you at Paradise in the Poconos in November with my baby. Sincerely, Alexandra

Angela. Gosh Alexandra, that's an interesting story. I'm not saying it's a fantasy mind you but it does sound a little farfetched. You really are a lovely lady, as we can all see from your photo, but that baby thing is kind of skeevin' me out. Better leave the little tyke with a sitter while you party down in the Poconos. Oh, and don't lie to your priest like that. They have enough trouble right now.

Mirror Mirror Is Her favorite

I am enclosing \$36 to continue my subscription to *LadyLike* magazine and \$5 as a donation to the Transgender Fund.

I discovered your magazine many years ago and have looked forward to each issue ever since. As I'm sure you know, we crossdressers seldom find much support for our interest at home and often feel quite isolated and alone. Your magazine has shown us that we are not alone and that others with our interest are bright, caring, articulate individuals who share our love of all things feminine.

For me, your Mirror Mirror section is my favorite part of the magazine. You have been good enough to print a number of my photos over the years, and while I'm no beauty, it is fun to try to look my best for the *LadyLike* readers. I have found many dear friends to correspond with by making contact through the addresses published in this section or through your forwarding service.

In the most recent issue, I was amazed at just how wonderful Krystal Black looked on the cover, and in the many photos of her that you printed. Don't we all wish we could look as wonderful as she does?

On another subject, I want to mention a book I enjoyed reading, and might be of interest to other transgender folks. It is titled *Trans-Sister Radio* and is available through Amazon and some of the major bookstores. It is a novel and deals with SRS for a male TS. I enjoyed it, and I think many of my sisters might as well. Well written, quality fiction involving transsexuals are rare.

I am enclosing a few photos that I thought you

continued on page 15

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Letters...



Jackie

might consider for you Mirror Mirror section. Please feel free to use any of them (or this letter) if you would like.

Thanks so much for publishing this wonderful magazine. It means so much to many of us who don't get an opportunity to attend CD events and need an occasional emotional boost. Jackie, FWD 3392

A Mistake? Us?

I just finished organizing my back issues of LL and I'm curious about your numbering issues. I'm not sure if this has been pointed out to you before, but I seem to possess two different issues numbered "36." Have you dealt with this in the past and can this be explained? Cena Williams, #2710

Angela: Cena, you have found us out. I'm too embarrassed about this to even type about it so I am turning the keyboard over to JoAnn. She's gotten her courage up and is finally ready to talk about... it.

JoAnn: Yes, Cena, there are two #36's. Well, there's really only one. The issue with Sarah Thomas on the cover is supposed to be #37. I forgot to change the number when I did the cover. Believe me, that was a costly mistake.

LL Always Informative

Once again let me express my appreciation and admiration for your publication. It continues to be the leading magazine for our community. I have been an avid *LadyLike* fan since issue #22, and look forward to each quarterly edition with great anticipation. Your interviews with the cover girls are awesome—always quite informative. It seems that I

frequently learn something about myself when I read about experiences of other girls.

Of course, your magazine goes far beyond just the "cover girl" interviews. I enjoy the other articles almost as much. I also try to support the vendors who support your magazine by purchasing their goods and services.

Last, but certainly not least, I thoroughly enjoy the Mirror-Mirror photo pages. It is so nice to see so many beautiful ladies. In the past, you have been so kind as to publish some of my pictures. I have received such a warm response from your readers in response to my pics. I enclosed some recent photos in case you would like to publish them.

Sincerely, Jessica M., PO Box 6120-331, Newport Beach, CA 92658



Jessica

Greatest Job In The World

Thanks for publishing my photo in issue #49. I'm meeting a whole lot of "pengals" and I've answered every letter. It's a flattering experience.

I sent in a couple of photos and an article awhile back. I'm sending in one more photo that I really like. I hope you can put it in Mirror-Mirror. If you haven't selected from the previous two photos I just sent (that is if I'm lucky), this one is my favorite of the three and I would love to make the color section.

Working on your *LadyLike* staff has got to be the greatest job in the world for a passionate cross-dresser. But you're probably thinking, "Yeah, just try it sister."

Again thanks for everything. Best regards. Sincerely, Cris

Angela says: Oh Cris, the job is long and arduous, the lunchroom doesn't have great food and the dress code (micro minis and four inch heels) can seem like a burden sometimes. I guess though, in the long run you're right. The glamor and style that just oozes from the entire office makes



it all worthwhile. Ya bought that, right?

Florida Girl Loves The Beach

I've been doing things that a couple of years ago I thought I couldn't do! I go to the beach and I enjoy that I'm a Florida girl, that's why I live here at the beach. And I'm always going to thank *LadyLike* for that! For giving me the courage to be able to go out.



Alison

Also, I found a little club and the place is really cool. A lot of girls are there. It's a blast!

So, things are going great for me. It does get better the longer you do this. I'm going on vacation and I'm going as my true self!

Well ladies, keep up the great work you do (to) make us a lot braver.

All my love, Alison Van Horn, PMB 350, 15 Paradise Plaza, Sarasota, FL 34239-6905

Angela: Like we always say, dress to fit in where you're going. That dress says "nightclub" and doesn't really go with the tropical paradise motif. We want everyone to be brave and go out as their trueselves but please, don't hang out signs saying "I'm TG." There are still too many people who love to make trouble for people who do things they can't understand. And while Florida is a great little state there are parts of Florida where I would think twice about wearing a dress on the beach. Be careful down there.

LL Most Original

My name is Katelyn. I'm a 21 year old transgendered lady from down south. I'm familiar with several different types of transgender magazines and your's is the most original. The name is very fitting as well.

I'm interested in corresponding with others like myself. My only qualifications are as follows:

Absolutely no phonies, game players, picture collectors, sexintended types, and over all non-serious transgendered. Only those that are honest and real need apply. CD/TV/TS and all supporting male and female admirers welcome.

The photograph of me was taken at the Columbus Zoo in Columbus, Ohio. A real person at a real place. Katelyn Greene, PO Box 1531, Grayson, KY 41143-5531

Angela says: It's good to see the younger girls have some standards. And, anyone who can look poised on a giant lizard is alright in our book.



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The LadyLike Reader Makeover!

Starring LadyLike Reader Sydney Boyd

It's obvious, looking at how happy our readers are, that *LadyLike* magazine is perfect. That doesn't stop us from wracking our brains to come up with ways to make it even better. As we prepared for this issue we made some time to take a special staff meeting to discuss possible improvements to our tried and true format.

One of our quick thinking staffers, I believe it was the beautiful and talented editor, suggested that we undertake an exciting new feature, one that would involve our readers even more than they have been, a feature that would show girls everywhere that all it takes is a little extra paint, some bigger hair and a new attitude. And so, the *LadyLike Reader Makeover* was born. The idea: look over the reader photos and pick those ladies who, with a little extra work could be *really* foxy, send them to a professional makeover artist, take pictures of the process and publish the results.

Our first victim... er, subject, is Miss Sydney Boyd from down in Tennessee. Sydney has been sending us photos for several issues and we knew she had potential. Our next problem? Find a great makeover artist to do the job.

Contacting our friends in Nashville, the lovely ladies of the Tennessee Vals, we got the name and number of **Performance Cosmetics**, right there in Nashville. (Thanks Marisa!) (See their ad next page.) So, one night in August it was time for Sydney to take a road trip to Nashville and get into the makeup chair. The results of the first Reader Makeover are on the next page.

If you would like to be considered as a candidate for future Makeovers you don't have to do anything more than you already do. Look your best and send us a photo! That's all there is to it. It would be helpful if you can give us an email address or a phone number. When things happen in the magazine biz they happen fast. Also, let us know if there is a makeover place in your area.



LL Reader Sydney in her a self-taken shot.



Makeup artist Gary Broadrick begins the metamorphosis.



Baby got back!

See the makeover on the next page...

The LadyLike Reader Makeover!

Sydney Boyd



Many thanks to Sydney for making the roadtrip to Nashville and consenting to the makeover. Thanks also to Tom Parsons of Performance Cosmetics for arranging the makeover and providing the photos. Who will be the next LadyLike Reader Makeover? It could be you.



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Our Troubled Lives

Most of us know that we crossdressers carry a lot of baggage around with us in our everyday lives. No matter how good things get, society will never accept a guy wearing a dress. We've all read the many horror stories, or have been personally involved in our own nightmares dealing with getting caught or announcing to our SOs our desire to crossdress. I've always thought we were dealt a pretty rotten hand in life until I happened to catch a couple of Dr. Laura's radio shows recently.

I didn't intend to listen to her, it just so happened that I finally got my radio working in my main repair shop so I could listen to Rush Limbaugh. They put her hour on right after him and when you have your whole body jammed under the hood of a car, it's not easy to jump up and turn the darn thing off. To listen to all the crap that people turn into a major crisis, I'm beginning to think we CDs have it pretty nice after all. I do wonder, however, if Mother Nature really knew what she was doing when she allowed humans to think and reason. Obviously, a lot of people were out of town when that accessory was being handed out!

If you've been reading *LadyLike* for any length of time and have seen some of my letters, you're probably thinking ol' Brenda has it made. An understanding wife and daughter, the ability to pass well and looking quite good for an old codger (if I do say so myself) and experiencing some interesting adventures as a woman, are some things many of you will never be able to do. I had to work hard for these things and a lot of other stuff in my life, but it was well worth it. I've always felt you get out of life what you put into it. No one ever guaranteed anyone a perfect life (other than those idiot politicians in Washington), so you've got to go get it for yourself.

Let me give you a thumbnail sketch of my 57 years and you tell me if I didn't have an uphill battle that would have most of you tossing in the towel early on. I think you'll see that I'm not a quitter. In addition to being an auto mechanic, I do freelance writing—even though I was told by most of my teachers in school that I was lousy at it and I was, in fact, tossed off the school newspaper because I couldn't write a serious piece. To those teachers I say, NYAH, NYAH!

I lost my father when I was ten years old. He died of complications with heart disease, diabetes and pneumonia at age 35. I'd already crossdressed by age 3 and knew I wanted to be a girl by 8 or 9, so you can't link my CD thing to the loss of a father. At age eleven I got part time job at a local gas station cleaning up on weekends—

made a whole two dollars a week! I continued working there through high school putting in roughly 40 hours a week part time—you read that right! Buying girl's clothes takes money! I got married to my high school sweetheart when we were both 20 and we had our first, a boy, by our first anniversary.

By then I was an up and coming mechanic at this gas station and we were making payments on a house and a new car. At age two and a half our son lay dying in a hospital from kidney disease, compounded by the fact that he was born with only one kidney (imagine the irony when he shared a room with a girl who was born with seven kidneys and was having five removed to give two healthy ones room). We were hit with hospital bills amounting to \$4000 a week when my take home pay was little over \$85, but we never gave up hope. My wife's mother donated one of her kidney when tests showed her to be a good match, and our son became the youngest person to ever receive an adult kidney. We were now in debt over



Police Navidad



Would you call security on a lady like this?

Colorful lights, inspiring carols, beckoning merchandise. Holiday videos - and DVDs! (Hey, I'm hip.) Evergreen trees in lots! And, of course, snow! 'Twas that time of year again! Sleigh ride, anyone?

'Twas also the season for Rox to ponder some characteristically crazy notions! On November 20th, for instance, I began fantasizing about enlisting one of my cuter personae to be photographed with Kris (The Man) Kringle.

Gosh, I hadn't sat alongside Sanny Claws since I was little. What would I say to him after all these years? More importantly, now that I was all grown up, what could I possibly wear?

\$150,000, just for hospital bills!

At age 27 I scraped together enough cash to buy the gas station business and we found ourselves with extra money each week to reduce our debt to the hospital. I worked seven days a week, usually putting in 100 hours. A year later the state tore up the road in front of my business for almost three years and I nearly lost everything. But I never quit. During this period I became so depressed I talked our family doctor into putting me on full blown hormones. I told her it was to reduce my desire to dress (which it does) but my intention was to become a woman. Within nine months I began to hemorrhage internally and was two days away from serious surgery, when I convinced the doctors to wait while I got off the hormones to see if that was the cause. It was and I got better with each passing day.

Just when my business recovered from the road construction, that phony gas shortage appeared and I received no product to sell, since we were allocated a percentage of the previous two year's sales. I turned to repairing cars as a main source of income and my business grew steadily. By 1980, our son's body began rejecting the transplanted kidney, and my wife donated one of her's in 1981. In a sudden move, my supplier of gasoline decided to pull out of my location the very same week we signed papers to buy our current home. This loss of income would severely hurt our chances of getting mortgage approval, but we fought back and won the battle. I worked even harder to make ends meet as no insurance company would even think of covering my son's \$85,000 second transplant.

By the end of '81 I owed more money than I thought it ever possible for me to earn, yet we paid off every cent of our bills and today look back on what we were able to accomplish with determination and hard work. Never once during that time did I allow my wife to work - she had a family to raise and care for, and I don't feel any man would have sacrificed what she did for her son, yet allow her "crazy" husband to throw on a dress when he got "into one of his moods."

Today, life is good though not without its problems. Both my wife and I have experienced some recent serious medical problems, but we beat the odds and will continue to do so. Our once dying son is a very respected gymnastics coach and is doing well. Our daughter has produced two wonderful granddaughters who think their chocoholic grandfather is the greatest (he's always got chocolate hidden somewhere). My wife and daughter volunteer their free time to rescuing abused and mistreated animals (mostly horses) throughout our county.

Still, I have one serious question. How do I keep all these women around me out of my girl things?



continued next page...

Police Navidad...

Let's be rational. Presenting my Betty-self to old Saint Nick shouldn't imply some enormous deal. Nuh-uh! Heck, he already had a handle on the naughty-nice concept. I'd been totally, nice! It followed then that he was equally aware of every other angle! Hence, not to worry!

So, okay, I claimed to be seven and a half years younger than my chronological age... I fibbed about my weight... routinely stayed up past my bedtime... altered my hair color... disguised voice (or tried to)... donned padded-bra and girdle... (Oops.)

Initially, the temptation had been to dispatch "Daria", yet, after an intense reality check, "Kathleen" was commissioned. It was evident that the more conservative "Ms. Murphy" stood the best chance of pulling off the pre-Christmas coup. (Sex-kitten "Daria" wasn't amused.)

Well, on December 6th—after working up the nerve—I approached the J.C.C. employee in charge of Rockland-Centre Santa pics, inquiring whether it were permissible for me to pose in girlie-gear with the "big guy" himself. (I even produced some sample snapshots for his professional perusal.) To my surprise, I was told the project would constitute no problem! Wow! Heck, not only did the fellow agree to the idea, he even suggested the most feasible days and times! Awesome!

In addition to flattering a feminine figure, my outfit (bright-green tank top, dark-green cardigan, green floral print midiskirt) would contrast Santa's red suit, like, so superbly! (Let's face it, I'm designer potential.) And, when a warmer-than-seasonal December 13th was forecast, I jumped at the opportunity! (I know, forty-something *fraüleins* shouldn't jump.)

Not one to leave any stone unturned, I showed up on December 12th as a male! I'd penciled in guybrows and sideburns (guyburns and sidebrows?) and climbed into a navy-blue three-piece suit! (Giggle.) Needless to say, everyone was totally taken in by the disguise! (I tend to be very convincing in the role.) Like, what I blast!

The entire team—photographer, female elf, cashier and S.C. himself—proved so friendly and polite that my courage got fired up to proceed with "Plan A" and, equally importantly, this prerehearsal yielded one fantabulous 5x7! Fer shur!

Two basic poses had taken shape in my mind. 1. "Kathleen" sitting cross-legged to Santa's left (leaning right), one hand placed on his shoulder. 2. "Kathleen" (smiling demurely), ankles crossed/forearms resting on

thigh, at Santa's right. Hey, I'm creative.)

Come December 13th, I actually walked the near one mile distance in broad daylight (1 p.m.), entering the Rockland-Centre some 100 yards from "Wonderland". (Have I got guts or what?) Incredibly, very few people (and there were shoppers a plenty) accorded me a second thought! What a totally tubular experience!

Upon arriving at the "North Pole", I waved girlishly to alert Sénor Shutterbug, who, apparently, hadn't recognized me. (None of the team members had!)

As there were no benches in close proximity, I had to backtrack to a seat some distance away to change. (Bummer.) Now shod with high-heeled sandals, I found myself forced to renegotiate some radically tricky terrain i.e., a slick, sloping tile floor, of which I almost became a casualty! (Yikes!) My left heel gave way three times, a fact that didn't escape the notice of several female onlookers! Like, the triple faux-pas nearly blew my cover! (Wouldn't that have decked the halls with pointing fingers.)

Events, alas, were to accelerate immediately thereafter:

(1) The photographer whispered something to Santa.

(2) With a jolly "Ho-ho-ho!", Santa abandoned his post and mysteriously vanished! (Huh ?)

(3) I took advantage of the unscheduled pause to pull out a mirror and brush my hair. (Hey, a girl has her pride.)

(4) The bubbly elf requested that I wait, as the delay wouldn't last long.

(5) Any conversation was minimal and subdued.

(6) No one—cashier or otherwise—seemed in a hurry to collect my advance payment. (Odd.)

(7) The photographer mumbled, "Le Père Noël a une malaise." (Loosely translated, "Santa Claus isn't feeling well.")

(8) I voiced my hope that his illness wasn't serious, when...

"Malaise" my waxed bikini. Fatso had summoned security and singled me out! I'd been set up! In swooped a pair of dudes in charcoal-gray suits, who promptly demanded an explanation! When I stated I was waiting for Saint Nicholas, they claimed he had no wish to see me. Well, I degged to biffer!

There I stood—dressed to the proverbial nines, a stone's throw from pre-holiday crowds, a mile from the sanctuary of home, mercilessly interrogated by a couple of smirking, "in-your-face" cop wannabes! (Mall detectives? Police Navidad?) Considering my elegant ensemble (which included a stylish wig, dainty earring and pendant, fine anklet, 20 denier pantyhose, and slender heeled sling backs), I remained at a distinct disadvantage should the verbal confrontation escalate into full fledged fisticuffs! I

felt, like, totally vulnerable. (Mind you, swinging my plastic grocery bags, one of its contents being a large jar of hand cream, might pack a wallop.) Unfortunately, the moment I found myself harassed, ye olde girlie voice (or facsimile thereof) instantly evaporated. Merde! Cloaked in a mantle of "superiority," one of the duo informed me that I wasn't welcome, and strongly suggested that I transport myself "elsewhere." My protests proved futile.

I tried telling Batman and Robin in civvies how I'd obtained permission from Monsieur Le Photographe a week earlier but they paid me no heed. (Captain Camera, continued to stare "innocently" at imaginary clouds rather than corroborate my story. Sexist jerk.)

You'll note that I neither fled (having committed no crime) nor physically resisted (which would have provided the twosome with an excuse to manhandle, excuse me, womanhandle, my curvaceous bod). First they contended Santa photos were available only to children—not adults. (Not! Proof positive—from the previous day—was sitting in my apartment!) Then, I was served a helping from the "you've-had-your-turn-why-not-let-the-others-have-theirs" menu. (More b.s.! What "others"? I was the lone potential customer!) Finally running out of lame excuses, they reverted to the veiled threat of expulsion. (Again, all protests went for naught.) Don't you just hate it when you're given every reason fathomable—except the truth? Duh!

You know, I don't embarrass easily when angered. I have no qualms about justifying my actions. And I hardly relished some grimacing, arrogant yokel posturing a mere six inches from my powdered nose! Mark my words—lucky for him I was a lady!

Admittedly, I've grown extremely thick-skinned with the years, a result of being pushed around by an excess of people. But, whereas dermal density per se doesn't depress me, I balk at visible pores!

When I inquired whether I'd been banished from the "North Pole" alone or the entire Rockland Centre, I was advised I would be allowed to wander around... if not for too lengthy a period! (Big wow.)

Could you believe this? I'd been frequenting the dumb mall for 42 years! (Eeps! I just about gave away my age, didn't I?) The original shopping centre had been built in 1952, replaced by the current indoor complex in 1983. And now restrictions of movement were being placed on me?

So. Okay. I took that stroll, to the tune of 3 miles. (No way! I'd switched back to flats) I couldn't help observing that I was more tastefully attired than most of my sisters. (I guess they were "liberated") Furthermore, I'd, estimate only

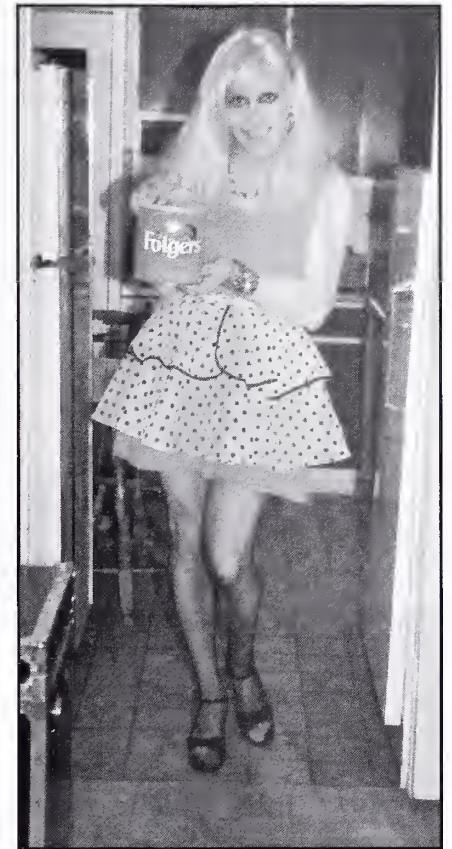
20 percent of shoppers perceived anything "strange" about me. (Senior citizens rated especially clueless.) Oh. I did garner a handful of "knowing" looks, yet only one woman dared utter the "h" word (French version of the "m" word)! Meanwhile I was being endlessly shadowed by one of the security guys, the partner of the chooch who'd dominated the intimidation. Despite all attempts to remain inconspicuous, el bozo failed to escape my masked scrutiny. (At one point, I spotted the numbskull "hiding" behind a pillar. Pitiful.)

Feeling both betrayed and totally PO'd, I really couldn't care less whether passersby "read" me or not. Remarkably, the vast majority didn't. (Big-tickle.) Typically, I extended the trek to include a tour of residential T.M.R. – another 3 miles. No double takes ensued anywhere. (Whoop-dee-doo.) Trust me, it didn't matter what mileage "Kathleen" traveled in 24 hours. (Another 31 was added to the total that evening, when I visited the Côte-des-Neiges commercial district.) My so-called "adventure" had turned into one fat disappointment. (Yes. Pun certainly intended.)

Imagine. A humongous hassle over nothing. All I'd wanted for Christmas was one crummy picture (possibly two) with a childhood hero. Instead, I managed to get myself declared persona non grata in my own neighborhood. What a loser. (It's to my astonishment that I didn't break a nail somewhere along the way.)

What makes Santa Claus so high and mighty, anyway? I have it on good authority that he's nothing but a certified phony. (There are rumors that the beard is fake.) So why wasn't he expelled? I shaved my girlie parts for this? No doubt "Daria" got the last laugh, after all.

Another myth shattered. Joy to the world. Pass the high calorie chocolate.



"Daria" offers fun with Folgers.

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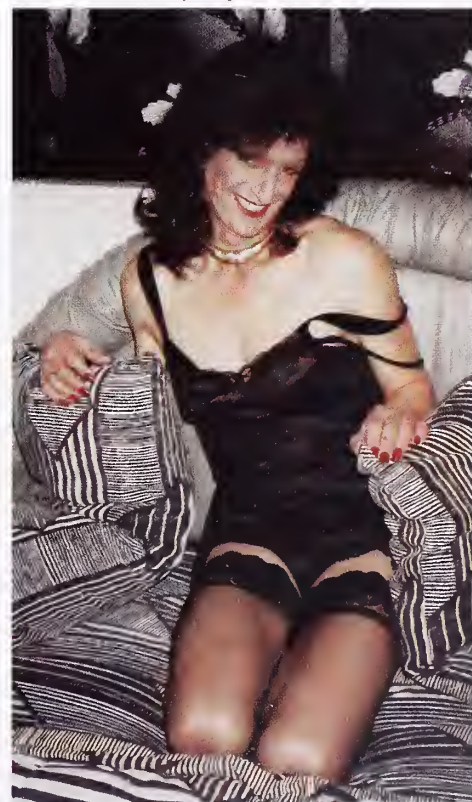
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The Most Beautiful Boy In The World

Sometimes you only hear good things about a person, no matter how many people you ask. It even happens in the reputedly catty world of professional female impersonators. Carroll Wallace is one such person. Every time his name comes up there is praise, never spite or dirt. Carroll Wallace was a mainstay at Finocchio's for many years. As the emcee Carroll was the performer the audience would see the most. It was his job to keep the show moving between acts. Not an easy job. It requires a seasoned pro that is not easily rattled when things go wrong.

Carroll was the emcee when Cuban performer David de Alba joined the Finocchio cast. Carroll was probably 25 or 30 years older but David remembers that, "He still looked so gorgeous. He looked like a very elegant Jewish lady. Like a very elegant, rich matron from the East Coast with the French twist and the beautiful costume. He looked like a very elegant woman." (Any readers interested in theatrical female impersonation really should give themselves a treat and visit the award winning web site *David de Alba's Theatrical Arts Page*, [<http://www.ctaz.com/~pryner/>] for photos, songs and interviews.) Likewise, 83 year-old Shep Shepherd, the Finocchio's drummer, admired Carroll's class, "Yea, Carroll Wallace was a busy, fine looking guy. Fine looking guy. With an attaché every time he moved around. (laughs) He might have his make-up in there, but it's an attaché, nevertheless."

Francois Weirtdt, the baby who would later become Carroll Wallace, was born in Chicago in 1923. His first break in show business came in 1941, when we was an 18 year-old \$18-a-week elevator boy at the Congress Hotel. But he had bigger plans. He was also taking comedy classes at the *Goodman Theater of the Arts*. One day a man gets into Carroll's elevator car recognizes him from the Goodman Theatre and offers him a stock contract at Warner Brothers for \$125-a-week.

Reporter Nancy Skelton in a *Sacramento Bee* article, February 16, 1978, somewhat incredulously reports that "He (Carroll Wallace) played a German sailor, he says, in a film called *Two-Man Submarine* with Tom Neal and Ann Savage. He'll tell you he

was an extra in *The Corn is Green* with Bette Davis. (He pronounces it 'Bet.')

A strike at Warner Brothers cut Carroll's film career short and he went to work at Jack's of Hollywood Costume Co. Carroll claims that wearing women's clothes wasn't his idea. He even said that, "It was all a mistake." It started because of a costume party given by Earl Carroll, formerly the producer of the famous Broadway revues called *Vanities*. These extravaganzas rivaled Florenz Ziegfeld's *Follies* and the Schubert Brother's musicals for their splendor, magnificence, comedy, singing, dancing and beautiful girls in skimpy costumes. The top showgirl in the *Vanities* was Beryl Wallace, who Earl Carroll called his "heart" and later married. Though New Yorkers knew Earl as the first man to build a penthouse on top of a Manhattan office building in 1916: Carroll Wallace remembered Earl as, "The first man to put a girl in a champagne glass."

American theatre was the theme of the masquerade and everyone was to dress as someone associated with domestic thespians. Carroll claimed that



CARROLL REVUE

KNOWN THE WORLD OVER

AMERICA'S FOREMOST
FEMALE IMPERSONATORS



"some of the girls at Jack's (of Hollywood) thought, since I was young, blond and good-looking they'd dress me up like a girl." Isn't that what every woman thinks when she sees a "young, blond, good-looking" man? Maybe it was more common

before the mid-twentieth century, since Carroll isn't the only female impersonator who claims that originally dressing wasn't his idea. In her "as told to" biography *Coccinelle*, the star of Paris' Le Carrousel, also claims that he was first put in drag by a group of women taken with his looks. Though, rather than changing in a costume shop, Coccinelle was whisked off the street and into a prostitute's apartment for his "maiden" voyage. I wonder who had better drag, Jack's of Hollywood or the French prostitutes?

A program for Carroll Wallace's show, "The Carroll Revue," gives us the Hollywood version of the story. "Carroll Wallace went to the ball as Julian Eltinge (the dean of early 20th century American female impersonators). No one recognized Mr. Wallace, but everyone wanted to know who the beautiful girl was, where she came from, and who she was representing. The word spread so fast that Mr. Earl Carroll himself was confused. He presented himself and asked who this beautiful creature was and where she was from. When he was told, he was completely shocked and amazed."

The *Sacramento Bee* version of the masquerade tells the tale it a bit differently, especially about not being recognized. In the paper Carroll Wallace admits that, "Some of the people from the studio were there and saw me. Maybe that was it – that kind of thing was really frowned on in those days – or maybe I was on the wrong side in the strike. I don't know to this day. But when the strike was over, I never got my



contract back."

It seems that Carroll wasn't out of work for long. Both versions of the tale confirm that Earl Carroll took his last name, his wife's maiden name, combined them and dubbed Francois Weiridt as Carroll Wallace. With his new name, according to the program, came "a leading role, top billing, and top salary in one of the leading nightspots on the Sunset Strip."

At that time his wardrobe was designed by Jean Les Seyeux, Earl Carroll's wardrobe designer, and executed by the celebrated Hollywood costumer, Jack's of Hollywood." The *Sacramento Bee* says that Earl Carroll, "created a new personality for the billboards: Carroll Wallace – The World's Most Beautiful Boy." But laments how, "It's an old story. Francois Weiridt came to Hollywood to be a star and ended up a stripper." It's as if they missed the point that this is usually a woman's story and not a man's.

Carroll joined Finocchio's in 1949, still billed as "The World's Most Beautiful Boy." A mid-1970's article recalls that, "He was a dazzler, in gowns that ranged from \$1,000 and up (and that was before inflation!)." That's a lot of money in 1949 dollars. He left the club in 1955 and toured Europe and Asia, headlining his own review. This was probably the pinnacle of his career. He was making \$1,500-a-week and would go from the club directly into a limo. He performed for royalty in Europe. His revue ran 12 weeks in Manila, 12 in Tokyo, 36 in Sidney and a colossal 42 weeks in Honolulu. Stateside runs included 14 weeks in Portland and 32 in Fairbanks, Alaska. "I've dressed everywhere. Posh places and the other kind. I've dressed on Army bases with nothing but an ironing board and a candle. They didn't want to let me on Army bases, you know. But then I'd go on and have the chaplains rolling in the aisles."

Promotion for the Carroll Revue was always careful to distance the show from anything unsavory. Their pitch to club owners for "America's Most Unusual Night Club Entertainment" neatly balances hyping the act and reassuring the prudish.

WHY WONDER – READ ON

The Carroll Revue is a Territorial Opener. Yes, the Revue has played up and down the West Coast. Even Alaska can boast of breaking all house records with this fine Revue. This Revue can boast of being approved by all city, Army and Navy officials, to be of professional standards recommended for any mixed audience ANYWHERE. All acts are of the highest grade with a good reputation that cannot be disputed. It was the Carroll Revue that reopened Alaska and other spots too numer-

continued on next page



ous to mention. It was similar act of this type that followed and were censored, slandered and caused doubt in the city officials' mind...We offer for the first time a clean show, with a variety of Artists that can't miss.

WITH PEACE OF MIND

A show that needs no censorship or cleaning up for
A NOMINAL COST.

The producer of the Carroll Revue was Ruth Wallace, Carroll's wife. The details are a bit vague, but it seems they were married at least 30 years until Ruth's death. They met at one of Carroll's shows. The "Sacramento Bee" tells it this way:

He met his wife – Wallace especially likes to tell this story – one night in 1950, right after a performance. She'd seen him on stage and had invited him to her table. Since then, he says she's had to wave off admirers.

"One night she was in the audience and this guy in front of her kept saying, 'That's for me!' Someone told him I was

a man, but the guy said he didn't care. About then my wife tapped him on the shoulder and said, 'You're a little late.'"

Carroll returned to Finocchios in 1968 and remained until the early 1980's. Then he left, I'm sure he thought for good. But he didn't stay off the stage too long. An "About Town" column from one of San Francisco's dailies, May 17, 1985, announces his return amid news of restaurants, Maya Angelou, the Midsummer Mozart String Quartet and an event featuring punk bands - The Nuns, Lethal Gospel and Crawl Away Machine. "After several years in retirement, Carroll Wallace has returned to the Finocchio stage. A celebrated female impersonator for many years, Carroll has joined the other talented entertainers in each of the four nightly revues. Carroll's gowns, gifts of gad and dedication to the art of female impersonation are sure to delight newcomers and old timers alike."

Backstage at Finocchio's, David de Alba remembers, Carroll "was known for playing little jokes." He liked to pull

David's leg about being Latino & the seediness of San Francisco's Mission neighborhood. David remembers, "I had a few songs that were associated with me and with some of the Latin American crowds. Some of the locals that came in would say, 'Oh, David, why don't you do that song?' And Carroll Wallace with his sense of humor would say, 'Oh, David, your friends from Mission St. are here.' Mission Street was known as the Latin American neighborhood. I would say from the stage in English, 'Does anybody here speak Spanish?' And people would say, 'Oh yes, I'm from Columbia.' 'I'm from here.' 'I'm from there.' Carroll would say, 'These are David's friends from Mission St.' And I would say, 'Carroll, these people, I don't know who the hell they are.'"

Another object of Carroll's taunts was 300 pound Russell Reed. David recalls:

When Russell would go down stairs for the first show, Carroll Wallace was still making up in his room. Carroll knew that Russell Reed always carried mints with him. I wish I had a video so you would know how Russell Reed went down the stairs. With each step he would go, "boom-boom, pahhhhh." (David's "boom" was the sound of Russell's high heels on the stairs and the "pahhh" was Russell's big exhale, as he panted from the exertion.) The next step, "boom-boom, pahhhhh." Sure, a fat man trying to go down the stairs. So from the sound Carroll could tell when Russell was down the stairs. Then Carroll would call, "Russell, whenever you come out of the dressing room, my dear, please don't forget to bring me a mint, because my throat is raspy. If you give a mint to the emcee, I'll give you a good introduction." So Russell would pick his skirts up and rush up the stairs, boom-boom-booom-boom-boom-boom-boom like a hippopotamus, all the way back to the dressing room. "OK, Carroll, here have your mint!" Every night!

So one night I said, "Russell, you know very well you're going to go down stairs and Carroll Wallace will ask you for a mint." So he said, "Don't make a sound, David. I don't want Carroll to know I'm going down stairs." And he would try to be quiet, but you would still hear him panting. I don't know, but I think this joke was done intentionally between Russell and Carroll, because they would do it over and over. It was funny; if you were in the show, to see these two old men night after night do this mint joke. Russell and Carroll never got along very well, but it was never done with nastiness. It was not mean. It was a child-like instigation, playful. Some kind of rascalness to it. Picaresque.



But Carroll could take it as well as dish it out. One time David made him the brunt of a little joke.

After the show Carroll would take me to eat in Chinatown. Once in awhile I used to do a take-off on Norma Desmond (from the movie "Sunset Boulevard"), because Mrs. Finocchio said I should do some, so-called, dramatic parts. So Carroll Wallace said to me after the show, "David, why don't you meet me and I'll take you for breakfast?" So Reggie (Dahl, another Finocchio's performer) made a crack about Carroll taking me to breakfast. So I said on my way out to Carroll, like Norma Desmond, "Max, I'll meet you downstairs. Have the car ready for me." So from then on when everybody was coming up stairs or going home, they would say to Carroll, "Max, I'm going home now."

Carroll was one of those performers who didn't take his dressing beyond the stage door. "In the female impersonating profession, Wallace says, 'men should be men during the day and women at night.'" Offstage he dealt in real estate. The "Sacramento Bee" article mentions "several pieces of property he'd managed to acquire around San Francisco." Carroll was building a nest egg to "keep me comfortable for years after I powder my nose for the last

continued on page 40

The plain truth about Jane...



Once Bitten, Forever Smitten

Erotic curiosity seemed to haunt me from an early age. Like some deliciously wicked, immortally beloved ghost, it tickled my fantasy, haunted my imagination and stimulated my imagination.

I remember as if it was yesterday, sitting in my seventh grade classroom on the first day of school after the summer recess. I was fascinated watching the girls parade into the classroom. I sat at my desk trying to spot a female classmate who might have suddenly gotten 'cute' over the summer recess. An indelible impression was about to be made upon my psyche! Through the white cotton blouse the girls were required to wear, I could see the faint outline of spaghetti straps connecting to an elastic band that extended across the back, widened and hugged their breasts to form a newfound roundness. The center buttons on their blouses seemed to strain and I could see, in a forbidden glance, what appeared to be lace and satin! I imagined rosebuds delicately wrapped in white gauze. The girls had started to wear bras!

Being a credit to their gender, those same girls also wore stockings. A few, not being as masterful as others at the intricacies of mating stocking tops to clips, man-

aged to create slack in their garters. Their stockings would eventually droop over the course of the day, bunching at the kneecap and ankle. I would watch in fascination, as they would absentmindedly tug on their stocking top to resolve their sartorial dilemma. I would gaze wide-eyed at the flat white nylon delta underscored by dark tan nylon tugging on nude colored stockings. I could feel

the world around me fade to black and my pulse quicken. I would inhale deeply then exhale slowly, savoring the moment.

I also noticed that their hair started to look vaguely "styled" instead of neat, clean and parochial. Their eyebrows seemed to arch a bit? The look was defining their eyes instead of competing with them. Some of the girls had dabbed on a bit of their mother's foundation to cover puberty-driven 'spots' on their forehead and cheeks. Perhaps it was a feeling of being rather self-conscious about their appearance, a flush of excitement at reaching female adolescence or the radiance of heat fueled by hormonal changes at puberty that beckoned femininity to emote? The girls on that September morning filled the autumn air with youthful sensuality... and that feeling left me in eternal awe and envy. If it felt like this to merely view femininity, what must it be like to live it?

I suspect this was the moment that defined my gender inclinations and gave me some notion of the romantic curiosities that 'had to be pursued' sometime during the course of my life. Most of my male peers absorbed all that feminine stimuli and it heightened their sense of opposite-

ness. It defined the path by which they would pursue their amorous adventures as the male of the species. They would celebrate their debauchery, revel in the ritual bragging rights and perhaps feel a primitive inner need to dominate.

I felt a mixed sense, part isolation and part inspiration, together with the personal desire to belong. The visual imagery defined everything I wanted to be and everyone I wanted to be with! I reacted to the gender difference by placing femininity on a pedestal as a personal goal that somehow had to be achieved. I hungered to join the 'tribe' in hopes that I could celebrate my feminine sensibilities with the kindred spirits. My *amorous adventures* would certainly be different than those of my boyhood counterparts.

Home Alone...

On Saturday evenings, my parents would go out, leaving me at home to watch television and amuse myself. With my nose pressed up against the window in the den, I watched as their car drove down the street freeing me for several hours.

My mother had always kept her "off-season" cloths hung in garment storage bags in the basement. Blouses, skirts, dresses, heels, hats, scarves... all were about to become my adolescent playthings. She had an area located in the back of her lingerie drawer with which I was about to become keenly familiar. It was a place where she kept a lingerie bag filled with stockings, bras, girdles, garter belts and 'bust enhancers' that weren't worn as "every-day" cloths.

I can remember the first time I held a pair of stockings and slipped my hand inside its shimmering nylon surface. I looked at the way its sheerness transformed my hand. I felt light-headed. My stocking covered fingertips became a sensual magic wand. I began to touch my body. The initial feeling sent shockwaves through to my marrow. I smelled the stockings, inhal-

ing the scent of the lingerie drawer. I rubbed them against my cheek and across my lips.

As an obvious extension, I felt my first urge to crossdress. I rolled up one stocking and then the other along my bare legs. I glanced at myself in the mirror and saw a skinny little waif, Elisa Doolittle in a Mary Poppins world. I pretended to be a good little girl away at convent school tugging on her stocking tops trying to look proper! I giggled!

I noticed a white spandex girdle that had a high cinch waistband with a heavily stitched satin front panel. I yanked and pulled it over my stockinged legs, then secured the garters. The girdle felt tight and confining. I could feel it pinching me from one end of 'the great divide' to the other. It teased but caressed all that was internal and external. It shaped my loins and prodded my derriere. It chiseled a female form onto my torso in contrasting waves of flatness and roundness. I tried on a large brimmed hat, smeared a little lipstick across my pouting lips, added a touch of mascara with what I'm sure was a trembling hand and then slid into a dress and a pair of pumps. I vamped in glee. How deliciously naughty! I started to walk across the room. The sudden updraft on my stockinged legs made me gasp with pleasure. The sound of my nylons 'swishing', the feeling of my girdle pulling them taut with each step, made my cheeks turn beet red!

After several Saturday evenings spent in blissful "femme", I mused to myself that I got "dressed up" more often than most of my female classmates! I smiled with satisfaction. Nothing else mattered! The experience was intoxicating.

Sneaking a peek...

At this point, I became emboldened! While visiting with boyhood friends in the neighborhood to listen to records or muse about the goings-on at school, I had the overwhelming urge to sneak a peek at what their older sister or mother might be wearing underneath their dress? Minutes spent alone and unobserved inside someone else's house, beckoned me to explore closets

and lingerie drawers. I not only felt a sense of guilt and a concern over being caught... but also, a rush of adrenalin! I had to see and feel the forbidden fruit. I indulged my senses.

Once, while in the bathroom, I spotted a pair of spent stockings and worn panties lying on the floor. I locked the door and was transformed in a heartbeat into another world. Touching. Smelling. Tasting. Suddenly, I heard a knock on the door from my friend's father saying, "What are you doing in there"? I flushed the toilet and said, "I'll be right out"! Later, I entered my friends' rec. room... and there in front of me was his older sister wearing a bra, girdle and stockings, standing over an ironing board! She screamed as I smiled and gushed, "I'm sorry, I was looking for your brother"!

One delicious summer day a friend of mine, whose parents had gone out for the evening, gave me a call to see if I wanted to 'do something' over at his house? We passed the time talking about girls, who looked 'hot', what turned us on and why... then, we suddenly got the mutual idea to "dress up and play girls"! We raided his mothers' dresser drawers and closet, donning her most intimate and feminine apparel. We tried speaking in soft, modulated feminine voices, practiced styling our hair and then vogued for each other. We blew 'air kisses' and hugged as girlfriends often do. We felt liberated, wicked and wanton.

I reached a certain point when I felt a peculiar sense of curious guilt. Perhaps it was 'one too many' catechism classes listening to horror stories about dancing too close to a girl or the evils of self-abuse, the worst type of sin! I thought I had better go to confession and "fess up"! After I told the story to my confessor about my fondness for dressing up and acting like a girl, I was given a fairly light sentence to "pay for my sins"! I rationalized that it couldn't be that evil, could it?

Dating...

I longed to dress as a girl and become romantically involved with a female. I imagined

while putting on my lipstick that the tube was my date's tongue, wet with saliva, piercing through to my tonsils and covering my mouth with her taste. Our lips would melt and fuse together as one. Marilyn Monroe kissing Doris Day. In my dreams!

My teen years were spent meeting girls at CYO dances or clubs and dating as often as possible. Necking and petting (aka: making out) were certainly a high priority. The smell of perfume, the touch of female flesh, warm, wet and rubbing up against mine, the brief sight of foundation garments flashing while we twisted in a passionate embrace, the sound of a girls sigh as we would experiment... reminded me of the Peggy Lee classic song, Fever.

I enjoyed discussing my date's clothing: why she selected what skirt, belt, scarf, top... wore which jewelry with what article of clothing and which color and pattern of stocking worked with what shoe and why? With a strong desire to know, "garter belt or girdle" our conversation would turn to more intimate apparel! I enjoyed discussing her make-up, hairstyle and how she accomplished 'her look'. I could feel the warmth of female bonding and deep inside I felt like I was her 'best girlfriend', the one to whom she told 'everything'!

Afterwards, alone in my bedroom, I would mentally replay my date. I could still smell her on my hands and taste her on my lips. Aching for emotional relief, I would feverishly create my own conclusion to what I envisioned would have been 'the perfect evening'. Even though I was experiencing girlhood vicariously as if it were a spectator sport, the experience became all consuming and I was its biggest fan.

I didn't know where it would eventually lead, but I couldn't wait to get there. Would a date of mine, basking in the warm glow of feminine bonding, feel bitten with bisexual curiosity and egg me on to dress like a girl for her amusement? Would she feel wicked and want to expose me in public while I was helplessly dressed "en femme"? My curiosity was fueled and the erotic possibilities seemed endless.

North American Support Groups

National US Membership Organizations

International Foundation for Gender Education, PO Box 540229, Waltham, MA 02454. Publishes Transgender Tapestry (\$40/year subscription). Reprints and books on TV/TS subjects, other info. Hosts annual conference in different locations around the country. Phone: 617-899-2212. "ifge@ifge.org" "www.ifge.org"

Renaissance Transgender Association, Inc., 987 Old Eagle School Rd., Suite 719, Wayne, Pa. 19087. 610-975-9119 24 hr. answering machine, but phones are answered personally on Monday and Thursday evenings. Membership fee of \$40 includes the monthly publication "Transgender Community News." Also publishes Background Papers and Community Outreach Bulletins on transgender issues for personal and professional use. Speakers available for classroom, corporate, or media discussions of transgender issues. Renaissance currently has four chapters and seven affiliates. Affiliates are noted with "(I)" in the list below. Renaissance is a 501(c)(3) non-profit membership organization. "angela@ren.org" "www.ren.org"

Society for the Second Self (SSS), 80x 194, Tulare, CA 93275. Focused on families and relationships. Tri-Ess publishes the Femme Mirror quarterly and hosts an annual convention. Tri-Ess chapters are marked with "*" in the list below. Tri-Ess is a non-profit membership organization. "jeftris@aol.com"

Alaska

Alaska T People, PO Box 670349, Chugiak, AK, 99567

Arizona

A Rose, PO Box 8108, Glendale, AZ, 85312-8108, 602-488-0959

Transgendered Harmony, PO Box 83927, Phoenix, AZ, 85701, 602-954-7553, www.geocities.com/tgharmony

Alpha-Zeta (Tri-Ess), PO Box 28363, Tempe, AZ, 85285-8363, 602-488-0959,

Evolere Transgendered Foundation, 1830 E. Broadway Blvd. #124-269, Tucson, AZ, 85719, (520) 884-0541

Southern Arizona Gender Alliance, 300 E Sixth St, Tucson, AZ, 85705

California

U.S. G.I.R.L.S. Club, P.O. Box 3182, Cerritos, CA, 90703-3182

Diablo Valley Girls, PO Box 272885, Concord, CA, 94527-2885 www.transgender.org/tg/dvg/

Gender Expressions, PO Box 816, Lakewood, CA, 90714, 310-869-4241

CHIC, PO Box 17850, Long Beach, CA, 90807

Access Point, PO Box 7180, Los Osos, CA, 93402, 800-549-1749

CD Social Group, PO Box 224, Montrose, CA, 91021

LKO (Ladies Knight Out), 3320 Chapman Ave., Orange, CA, 92869, (714) 289-0144

PSGV Transgendered Support, 401 South Main St., Suite 104, Pomona, CA, 91765, 909-620-8987

Alpha Chapter, 409 N. Pacific Coast Hwy. #320, Redondo Beach, CA, 90277, 310-798-5637

Born Free, PO Box 52829, Riverside, CA, 92517, 909-875-2687, www.BornFree2000.com

Sacramento Gender Assoc., PO Box 162907, Sacramento, CA, 95816-2907, 916-364-7212

Neutral Corner, PO Box 19008, San Diego, CA, 92159, 619-685-3696

Center for Gay, Lesbian, Bisexual & Transgendered Community, 3909 Centre Street, San Diego, CA, 92103, 619-692-2077

TGSF, PO Box 426486, San Francisco, CA, 94142-6486, 415-564-3246, www.tgsf.org/

LYRIC (Lavender Youth Recreation and Information Center), 127 Collingwood St, San Francisco, CA, 94117, 800-246-7743, www.lyric.org

Rainbow Gender Association, PO Box 700730, San Jose, CA, 95170-0730, 408-984-4044, www.transgender.org/tg/rga/rgapage.html

Silicon Valley Gender Association, 175 Stockton, San Jose, CA, www.svga.org

TranzcentralCoast, P.O. Box 14146, San Luis Obispo, CA, 93406, 805-543-2126, tranzcentralcoast.org

Sigma Sigma Beta, Tri-Ess, PO Box 19933, So. Lake Tahoe, CA, 96151, n/a

TG Alliance of Coachella Valley, PO Box 391, Thousand Palms, CA, 92276, 760-323-9663, humlog.homestead.com/tgcoachellavalley

Tri Chi Tri-Ess, PO Box 194, Tulare, CA, 93275, 209-688-9246

Ventura Transgender Outreach, c/o GLCC, 3503 Arundell Circle, Suite 3-A, Ventura, CA, 93003, 805-339-6340

Colorado

Phoneix Project, 1740 South Buckley Road, #6-178, Aurora, CO, 80017

Gender Identity Center of Colorado, Inc., 1455 Ammons St., Suite 100, Lakewood, CO, 80215-4993, 303-202-6466, www.transgender.org/tg/gic

Pueblo TV/TS Support Group, 1144 Clarmont, Pueblo, CO, 81004-2808

Connecticut

connecticutView, PO Box 2281, Devon, CT, 06460, www.transgender.org/ctv

Connecticut Outreach Society, PO Box 163, Farmington, CT, 06034, (860) 604-6343, www.ctoutreach.org

G8SING, c/o PO Box 162, Haddam, CT, 06438

Twenty (XX) Club Inc., PO Box 387, Hartford, CT, 06141-0387, 203-646-8651

District of Columbia

Washington-Baltimore Alliance, PO Box 50724, Washington, DC, 20091-0724, 800-738-0389

Delaware

Renaissance, Delaware Chapter, PO Box 5656, Wilmington, DE, 19808, 302-376-1990, www.ren.org/rende.html

Florida

Starburst, PO Box 6822, Clearwater, FL, 33756-6822, 727-523-8760

Trans Alliance of Gainesville, PO Box 143102, Gainesville, FL, 32614-3102

Mu Beta Gamma Tri-Ess, PO Box 4126, Hialeah, FL, 33014, 305-653-8088, geocities.com/Athens/Atrium/8168

Animas, PO Box 420309, Miami, FL, 33242, NA

Evolve, 946 N Mills Ave, Orlando, FL, 32803, 407-228-8272

Emerald Coast/PANTRA, 8084 N. Davis Hwy E3, Pensacola, FL, 32514

Tampa Bay Gender Alliance, 3708 Swann Ave, Tampa, FL, 33629, 813-985-3371

Gender Society of the Palm Beaches, c/o Compass, 7600 s. Dixie Highway, W. Palm Beach, FL, 33405, 561-533-9699, www.compassglcc.com

Phi Epsilon Mu, Tri-Ess, PO Box 3261, Winter Park, FL, 32790-3261, (407) 263-8978

Georgia

AGE, PO Box 160003, Atlanta, GA, 30316, 770-439-9769, www.genderatlanta.org/

Sigma Epsilon, Tri-Ess, PO Box 272, Rosewell, GA, 30077-0272, Unknown404-552-4415

Hawaii

Hawaii Transgendered Outreach, PO Box 8233, Honolulu, HI, 96830, 808-923-4270, www.newbies.net/htgo/

Iowa

Iowa Artistry, PO Box 75, Cedar Rapids, IA, 52406, N/A

CIGA., PO Box 1925, Clinton, IA, 52733, 319-242-4405

QCAD Group, PO Box 1534, Davenport, IA, 52809, 319-323-5492

Idaho

Tri-States Transgender Group, PO Box 6691, Boise, ID, 83707, 208-368-8669

Illinois

Central Illinois Gender Assoc (CIGA), P.O. Box 3082, Champaign, IL, 60826-3082

Chicago Gender Society, PO Box 578005, Chicago, IL, 60657, 708-749-1202, www.chicagogender.com

Chi, Tri-Ess, PO Box 40, Wood Dale, IL, 60191-0040, 708-383-1677

Indiana

IXE, PO Box 20710, Indianapolis, IN, 46250, 317-971-6976, members.aol.com/ixe/fish/

Transgender Outreach of N. Indiana, Ltd., PO Box 2372, Portage, IN, 46368, 219-650-2142

Kansas

KCCAF (Kansas City Crossdressers & Friends), PO Box 4092, Overland Park, KS, 66204, 913-791-3847

Kentucky

BGB Transgender Support, PO Box 20173, Louisville, KY, 40250, 502-346-5298, www.transgender.org/bgb/

Louisiana

Gulf Gender Alliance, PO Box 56836, New Orleans, LA, 70156-6836, (504) 943-1999, www.gga.org

Massachusetts

Sunshine Club, PO Box 564, Hadley, MA, 01035-0564, 413-586-5004, www.umass.edu/stonewall/sunshine/

Innvestments, PO Box 2194, Orleans, MA, 02653-3160, 508-563-3160, www.transgender.org/innv/

Tiffany Club of New England, Inc., PO Box 71, Waltham, MA, 02454-0071, 781-891-9325, www.tcne.org

COMPASS, PO Box 229, Waltham, MA, 02454-0229, 781-899-2212, www.ifge.org

TG Support Group, 36 Alpine Rd, Wayland, MA, 01778, 508-358-3512

Maryland

The Bridge Club, PO Box 11737, Baltimore, MD, 21206-0337, na

Transgender Support Group of Baltimore, GLCC of Baltimore, 241 W. Chase St., Baltimore, MD, 21201, 410-837-5445 or 410-837-8888 (7-10pm)

Chi Epsilon Sigma, PO Box 505, Brooklandville, MD, 21022-0505, members.tripod.com/-Chesapeake_Tri_Ess/

Washington-Baltimore Alliance, PO Box 1994, Silver Spring, MD, 20915, 301-649-3960, www.transgender.org/wba/contact/index.html

Washington-Baltimore Alliance, PO Box 1994, Silver Spring, MD, 20915, 301-649-3960, www.transgender.org/wba/contact/index.html

Maine

Maine Gender Resource & Support, c/o Jean Churchill, PO Box 1894, Bangor, ME, 04402-1894

Transsupport, PO Box 17622, Portland, ME, 04101

Michigan

After Six, PO Box 126, Comstock Park, MI, 49321

IME of Western Michigan, PO Box 1153, Grand Rapids, MI, 49501, Unknown

Lambda Mu, Tri-Ess, PO Box 246, Moline, MI, 49335-0246, carla93@juno.com, www.lambdamu.com

TransGender Michigan 517-347-3681, www.TransGenderMichiGan.org

Crossroads, PO Box 1245, Royal Oak, MI, 48068-1245, 313-537-3267

Friends North, Inc., PO Box 562, Traverse City, MI, 49685-0562, (616) 946-1804

Minnesota

Gender Education Center, PO Box 1861, Maple Grove, MN, 55311, 612-424-5445

City of Lakes Crossgender Community, PO Box 14844, Minneapolis, MN, 55414, 651-229-3613

Beta Gamma, Tri-Ess, PO Box 8591, Minneapolis, MN, 55408, 1-877-4triess, www.tri-ess.com

TransThursday, c/o District 202, 1601 Nicolett Ave South, Minneapolis, MN, 55403, 612-871-5559

Tau Epsilon Mu, PO Box 40126, St. Paul, MN, 55104, 1-877-487-4377, www.geocities.com/triessmn/

Missouri

TransSisters, 4004 Troost Ave., Kansas City, MO, 64110, 816-753-7816

St. Louis Gender Foundation, PO Box 9433, St. Louis, MO, 63117, 314-367-4128

Mississippi

Southern Belle Society, PO Box 3112, Gulfport, MS, 39505, members.xoom.com/RachelMc/

Montana

Western Montana GLBT Community Center, 615 Oak ST, Missoula, MT, 59801, gaymontana.com/wmgllc

North Carolina

Phoenix Transgender Support, PO Box 18332, Asheville, NC, 28814, 828-669-3889

Kappa Beta, Tri-Ess, PO Box 12101, Charlotte, NC, 28220-2101, 704-565-5034, www.kappabeta.org

Carolina Transensual Alliance (CTA), 112 Edwardia, Charlotte, NC, 27409

Triad Gender Association, PO Box 2264, Jamestown, NC, 27282-2264, (336)454-1493

Sigma Rho Delta Tri-Ess, PO Box 90141, Raleigh, NC, 27675-0141, www.geocities.com/SigmaRhoDelta/

NC TG Unity, 3201 Huddleston Drive Apt 108, Raleigh, NC, 27612, 919-788-9830, www.geocities.com/nctgunity/

Nebraska

River City Gender Alliance, PO Box 8076, Omaha, NE, 68108, www.genderalliance.com

New Hampshire

Tri-Ess New England, PO Box 7681, Nashua, NH, 03060-7681

Chi Delta Mu, Tri-Ess, PO Box 1, River Edge, NJ, 07661-0001, 800-484-7593 (code 4985)

Epsilon Mu Gamma, PO Box 4, Three Bridges, NJ, 08887, 717-364-2949, www.transgender.org/emg/

Sigma Nu Rho, Tri-Ess, PO Box 9255, Trenton, NJ, 08650, (609) 392-1132

New Jersey Support, PO Box 9378, Trenton, NJ, 08650, 609-918-0603

New Mexico

Transgender Community Group, Meets at the University of New Mexico, Albuquerque, NM, 505-265-7655, www.tgnm.net

Nevada

Transsexual Support Group, c/o Community Counseling Center, 1120 Almond Tree Lane, Las Vegas, NV, 702-

3624-8700

Transgender Supportand Advocacy, Nevada, 1120 Almond Tree Lane, Suite 207, Las Vegas, NV, 89108, (702) 392-2132, www.transgender.org/tg/vegas_tg/index.htm

Equinox, 8175 S Virginia, Suite 850-256, Reno, NV, 89511-8981, www.eq1.com/

New York

TGIC, PO Box 13604, Albany, NY, 12212-3604, 518-436-4513

Buffalo Belles, PO Box 1701, Amherst, NY, 14226, (716) 879-0973, www.geocities.com/WestHollywood/Village/3339/

Shades of Lavender, 502 Bergen St, Brooklyn, NY, 11217, 718-622-2910 ext-104

CrossDressers International, 404 W 40th St #2, New York, NY, 10018, 212-570-7389

Metropolitan Gender Network, 561 Hudson St., Box 45, New York, NY, 10014, 201-794-1665, ext. 332

Gender Identity Project at the Lesbian & Gay Community Services Center, One Little West 12th Street, New York, NY, 10014, 212-620-7310, www.gaycenter.org

CD*Network, PO Box 92055, Rochester, NY, 14692, 716-251-2132

Rochester Transgender organization, C/O Gay Alliance of the Genesee Valley, 179 Atlantic Avenue, Rochester, NY, 14607, 716-442-2425

Expressing Our Nature, Inc., c/o Pride Community Center, PO Box 6608, 745 N Salina St., Syracuse, NY, 13217-6608, 315-476-1658

LIFE, PO Box 1311, Watermill, NY, 11976-1311

MeNTA, c/o The Loft 180 E Post Rd LL, White Plains, NY, 10601, 914-948-2987, www.geocities.com/WestHollywood/Club/9166/

Ohio

Crossport, PO Box 1692, Cincinnati, OH, 45204, 513-768-3161, www.transgender.org/crossprt/crossprt.htm

Paradise Club, PO Box 29564, Cleveland, OH, 44129, 216-586-9292, www.tgfmall.com/tg/para

Crystal Club, PO Box 287, Reynoldsburg, OH, 43068-0287, 614-844-5371, www.tgender.net/cc

Alpha Omega, PO Box 2053, Sheffield Lake, OH, 44054-0053, 216-556-0067, www.triess-alphaomega.org

Oklahoma

Gender Outreach of Oklahoma, P.O. Box 2687, Tulsa, OK, 74101, 918-743-4297, www.koolpages.com/genderok/

Oregon

Rho Gamma, PO Box 5551, Grants Pass, OR, 97527

Intermountain Transgender Outreach, 1524 Monroe Ave., La Grande, OR, 97850, 541-962-3466

Northwest Gender Alliance, PO Box 4928, Portland, OR, 97208, 503-646-2802, www.nwgapdx.org

Pennsylvania

Renaissance - Lehigh Valley, PO Box

3624, Allentown, PA, 18106, 610-821-2955

Erie Sisters, 1903 West 8th St #261, Erie, PA, 16505

Renaissance, Lower Susquehanna Valley, PO Box 2122, Harrisburg, PA, 17105-2122, 717-780-1578, www.ezonline.com/lsv/

Transpitt, PO Box 3214, Pittsburgh, PA, 15230, 412-422-1558, www.transpitt.org

TSG (Transsexual Support Group), 6020 Penn Circle South, Pittsburgh, PA, 15206, 412-661-7030

Renaissance, Greater Philadelphia, 987 Old Eagle School Road, Suite 719, Wayne, PA, 19087, 610-975-9119, www.ren.org

Tennessee

Swans, PO Box 12701, Knoxville, TN, 37912-2701, www.transgender.org/swans/index.html

Mirror Image, PO Box 11052, Memphis, TN, 38111-1052

Tennessee Vals, PO Box 92335, Nashville, TN, 37209, 615-664-6883, www.transgender.org/tg/tvals/

Texas

West Texas Gender Alliance, c/o Tami Maloney, 5350 Llano St., Abilene, TX, 79605

Central Texas Transgender Society, PO Box 300487, Austin, TX, 78705, 512-452-1145, www.cttgs.org

Texas Assoc. for Transsexual Support (T.A.T.S.), PO Box 142, Bellaire, TX, 77401, 281-437-2975, www.genderweb.org/~tats

Alpha Tau, PO Box 1398, Georgetown, TX, 78627

Gulf Coast Transgender Community, PO Box 66643, Houston, TX, 77266, 713-780-GCTC (4282)

Spouses & Partners International Conference for Education (SPICE), 8880 Bellaire B2 #104, Houston, TX, 77036, 713-347-8747

Tau Chi, Tri-Ess, 8800 Bellaire B2, Ste. 104, Houston, TX, 77036, 713-988-8064

Metroplex CD Club, PO Box 141924, Irving, TX, 75014-1924, 972-264-7103, www.flash.net/~domega

Austin Second Image, PO Box 679, Leander, TX, 78641, 512-515-5460

Epsilon Tau, Tri-Ess, PO Box 945, New Waverly, TX, 77358, 409-344-6014

Nu Epsilon Tau, PO Box 14096, Pantego, TX, 76094, 214-490-5738

Utah

An Engendered Species, PO box 11897, Salt Lake City, UT, 84147, 801-364-0136

Western Transsexuals Support Network, 4667 Holladay Blvd, #2, Salt Lake City, UT, 84117, 801-277-8025, home.earthlink.net/~bethann48/utah/index.html

Virginia

Transgender Education Association, PO Box 16036, Arlington, VA, 22215, 301-949-3822, www.tgea.net

Washington

Bellingham Gender Group, PO Box 2004, Bellingham, WA, 98227, 360-445-3461, www.bellinghamgendergroup.org

Washington Gender Alliance, PO Box 2261, Bellingham, WA, 98227

Emerald City, PO Box 31318, Seattle, WA, 98103, 425-827-9494

Ingersoll Gender Center, 1812 E. Madison, Suite 106, Seattle, WA, 98122-2843, 206-329-6651 Fax 206-860-6064, www.ingersollcenter.org

Wisconsin

Gemini Gender Group, P.O.Box 44211, Milwaukee, WI, 53214, 414-297-9328

West Virginia

The Valley Girls, P.O.Box 181, Dunbar, WV, 25064-0181, www.pridewv.com/tvg

Trans-West Virginia, PO Box 2322, Huntington, WV, 25724

CANADA

Alberta

Illusions Social Club, PO Box 2000, Calgary T2C1B4, 403-486-9661,

Phi Sigma, Tri-Ess, Box 8115, 755 Lake Bonavista Dr. S.E. T2C1B4

British Columbia

Kootenays Support Group, Box 270, Rossland, VoG 1Y0, 250-362-5701,

Cornbury Society, PO Box 3745, Vancouver, V6B 3Z1, N/A,

Zenith Foundation, Box 46, 8415 Granville St., Vancouver, V6P 4Z9

Transcend Transgender Support & Education Society, PO Box 8673, Victoria, V8X 3S2, (250) 413-3220

Manitoba

Maskerade, c/o 832 Corydon Ave., Winnipeg, R3M 0Y2

Ontario

Ottawa TS Discussion Group, PO Box 42067, RPO St Laurent, Ottawa K1K 4L8

Gender Metaphor, PO Box 27097, Ottawa, K1J 9L9

Chrysalis, 349A George St. N, Suite 206, Peterborough, K9H 3P9

Xpressions, PO Box 223, Station A, Toronto, M5W 1B2, 416-410-6949, www.Xpressions.org

S.O.S. Club, 519 Church St, Toronto, M4Y 2C9, (416)-392-6874, webhome.idirect.com/~players

Gender Mosaic, PO Box 7421, Vanier, K1L 8E4, (819) 770-1945, www.geocities.com/WestHollywood/9630/

Quebec

Action Santé: Travesti(e)s et Transsexuel(le)s du Québec, 1626 Rue St-Hubert, Montreal, (514) 847-0067, Club MET, 4113 Dorion St., Montreal, H2K 3B8

Please contact us at the magazine about changes and corrections to this list!

Drama Queen...

time." David says that, "He was a marvelous real estate person. He bought a lot of apartments in the Santa Cruz area." Lavern Cummings, who performed at Finocchio's for 26 years, longer than any other performer, remembers that, "He (Carroll) was always fixing-up houses and selling them. Doing all that. Into real estate in the daytime. He would work hard. And then he would work at night. I don't know how he did it. He pushed himself. He was very good at doing things, painting and all that kind of stuff. He was, like, a carpenter. He was very good with his hands." He used these skills around his home, too. He remodeled the bathroom to resemble the Hall of Mirrors from Versailles and upholstered the bedroom walls in royal blue velvet with a chandelier he fashioned into the shape of a cluster of grapes. "It's theatrical, I know. But then what would you expect? I'm in show business."

So in spite of his experience with the building trades, Carroll still had his sissy side. David reports that he "was terrified of mice."

In between shows Carroll would open the backstage exit door to breathe some air, because at this time people could still smoke in clubs. Once a fat, pregnant rat was walking up the steps by the stage door. (Note: The stage door to Finocchio's opened on to a North Beach alley that was so steep the sidewalk was a concrete staircase.) It looked like the rat was coming in the door. Carroll Wallace started screaming, "There's a rat! There's a rat! Call Joe Noble! Call Maria!" (Note: Joe Nobel was the choreographer. Maria was Eve Finocchio's sister who ran the front-of-house.) They came backstage with a broom to look for the rat. But they couldn't find it. Reggie Dahl came downstairs and went to the closet Carroll used for quick changes and said, "Hey everybody, look. The rat came to visit Carroll." It was hysteria. Joe Nobel with a broom, swinging it everywhere, trying to find the rat. He almost hit one of the performers coming down the stairs. Carroll Wallace screaming, "There's a rat here! There's a rat here!" while waiting to go on stage to introduce acts. It was so funny to see this grown man screaming over a rat. But they couldn't find the rat. When opened the door, the rat was still there. Carroll thought the rat was inside, but it was still climbing the stairs.

But what happened to Carroll Wallace? Since he'd be almost 80 by now, many folks are willing to believe he's passed away. There's general agreement that Ruth died perhaps a decade ago. There's a rumor that after Ruth died

Carroll Wallace took up with a younger man and they moved to Los Angeles together. And while admitting to not knowing much about their marriage, Lavern Cummings called Carroll and Ruth's "more a marriage of convenience" without elaborating. All Lavern will confirm is that, "I left the show in 1982, twenty years this year...I went to work at the Emporium in downtown San Francisco in 1984. Carroll used to come in periodically and say, "Hello." He was still at the club at that time. He must have left right after that, I'm not sure. That was the last time I saw him."

David de Alba confirms Carroll's vanishing act, "After I left the club he would call me and we kept in touch. The last time I spoke to him was many years ago. At that time I was living in New Mexico. I always sent him Christmas cards and he would call at least once a year. I called his number. It was disconnected. I wrote letters. They never came back to me. So I wondered if he went to a nursing home or he left for Los Angeles or he actually died. Nobody knows to this day." When asked about Carroll's whereabouts Lavern says, "No, nobody knows. It's like Elvis. He's just gone."

LadyLike would like to thank William Walker, founder of the GLBT Historical Society, and the Archives and Special Collections Department of the University of Arkansas at Little Rock Library for their contributions to this article.

Ms BOB is a member of the GLBT Historical Society board of directors. She collects gender-related books, magazines and ephemera. Currently she's seeking NEW FEMALE MIMICS (Winter, 1970-71), EN FEMME #11 and LADY LIKE #7, 21 - 28, 30, 31 & 33. Ms Bob can be contacted c/o Lady Like or at <msbob@tgforum.com>.

CAROL KLEINMAIER is a founding member of Transgendered Nation. For almost two decades she has been an activist for both gender and AIDS issues.

If there is any subject you'd be interested seeing covered in DRAMA QUEEN, please, drop us a line and we will try to oblige.

Mirror



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On My Mind...



Here we go, starting the next 50 issues of *La-dyLike* magazine. Lots of people said we'd never last. Lots of people said you had to have porn in a tranny mag to make it sell. Lots of people were wrong, weren't they?

So, as we embark on the creation of the next

50 issues, Angela and I think its time to "freshen" up the magazine. We've had this "look" the longest, 16 issues (4 years). So, we think we're due for a change. Over the next year or so, we will make some subtle design changes and some not so subtle. Feature wise, the feedback on Jane Martin was all positive so you'll see her as a regular, but we're not abandoning Roxanne, Brenda nor Ms Bob & Carol.

There are other changes going on as well, of a personal nature. I am getting divorced after 32 years of marriage to the same woman.

I know, I know... everyone who ever met my wife Betty thought we were the "perfect" couple, thought we'd broken the code for a workable tg marriage. Well, it really didn't work out that way. The divorce was my idea and it had little to do with being transgendered, at least directly. Being a tg just put an additional stress on our relationship, but there were other underlying, fundamental issues that contributed to my decision.

About 5 years ago, I went into a serious clinical depression. I gained about 40 pounds (which I have yet to lose) and I felt like had fallen into a dark hole from which I'd never get out.

I'll spare you all the gory details, but suffice it to say that after taking anti-depressants for 3 years and going in and out of therapy several time, I finally realized why I was so depressed. It was my relationship with my wife.

What I saw, finally, was a pattern that I had seen many times before. My parents didn't get along very well. My mother could nag a Mormon to drink coffee and my Dad, well, he didn't know how to say "No" to anyone and was always lending money out. It created a

lot of problems. My parents fought almost continuously, mostly about money, and they were miserable. I used to wonder if my dad died first just to get away from my mother, it was that bad.

The realization that my relationship with Betty had deteriorated to the point where we were two separate and different people inhabiting a house together set me on my ear. And, I finally realized the reason it had gotten so bad was that for the last 10 years or so, I had not felt anything like "love." I neither felt loved nor did I feel I could give love. I was dead inside.

For three and a half years, I just sank deeper and deeper into depression. I stopped dressing. I stopped going to tg events. I stopped writing. I stopped living.

Then, a long time friend opened my eyes to what I had been missing in my life, laughter, smiling, playing, being alive again. I started once more into therapy and finally realized that what I needed was to start my life over from scratch. (No, I'm not going to transition. I'm a dyed-in-the-wool crossdresser. No hormones or surgery for this girl!). That meant breaking out of the old relationship with Betty. I was scared to death, but I had to do it.

With the help of my therapist, I found the courage to tell Betty I wanted a divorce. She was devastated. I felt like a lowlife cad but I had to do this for my own sanity and my life. And, I believe, in the long run it will be better for her, too.

Telling our kids was the really bad part. Fortunately, they are grown young adults and they've accepted the fact that we're divorcing with equanimity. They want both of us to be happy and we haven't been.

We've been living apart since May. We've agreed on a settlement and the divorce will probably go through before the end of the year. It's amicable but painful.

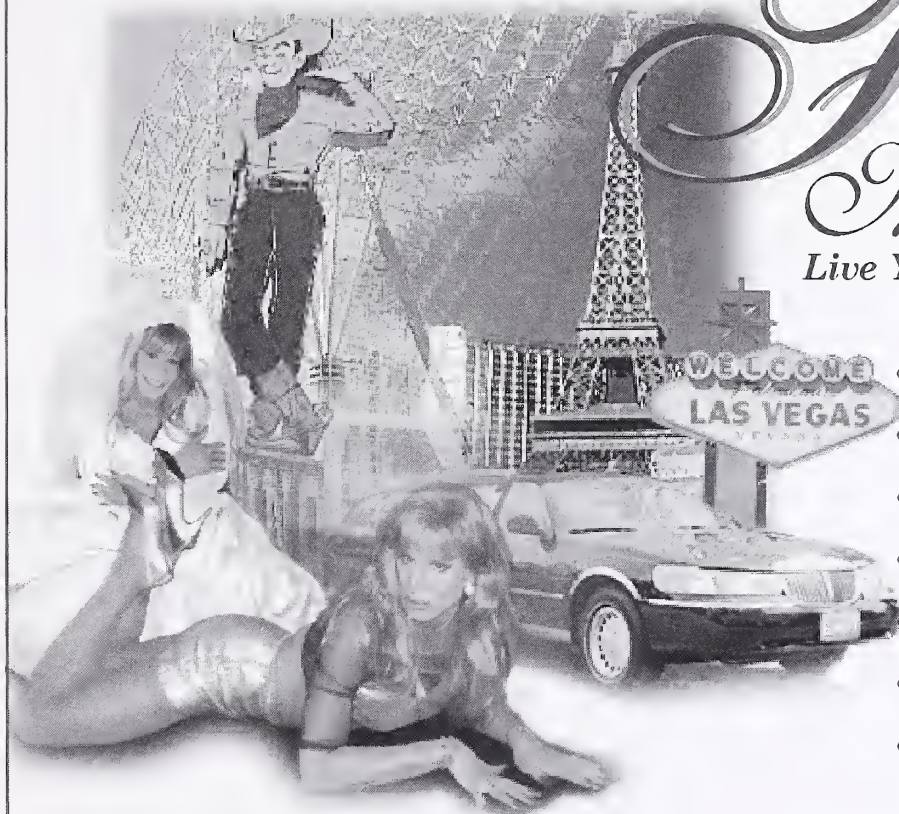
Throughout it all, I've tried to stay focused on the goal—restarting my life—and not get mired in finger-pointing and accusations. What's done is done. Only the future can be changed now.

I learned another valuable lesson as well; true friends are a priceless commodity. I know because my friend saved my life. I will never be able to thank her enough.

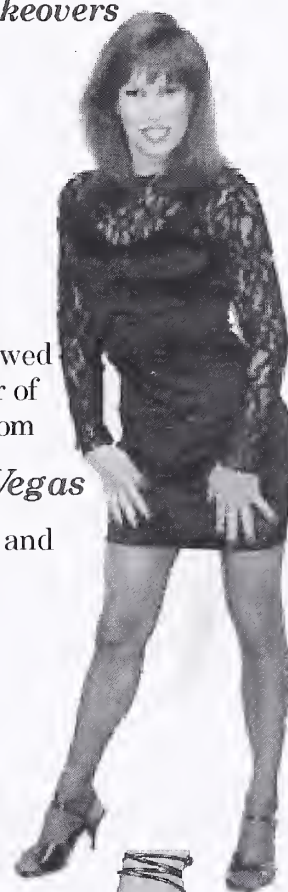
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